

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1891 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-eighth year. It has met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

OPINIONS.

"It is nearly half a century since the first volume of this sterling publication came from the press, and to-day it stands the most perfect publication of its kind in the world. . . There is but one LIVING AGE, though many have essayed imitations. While their intent has no doubt been worthy, they have lacked that rare discriminating judgment, that fitness of acumen, and that keen appreciation of what constitutes true excellence, which make LITTELL'S LIVING AGE the incomparable publication that it is. No one who has once become acquainted with its educating and uplifting qualities will ever be induced to dispense with its visitations."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"It is indispensable to intelligent people in this busy day."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"Many other and deservedly popular favorites have entered the periodical field, but none of them have diminished the importance of THE LIVING AGE. . . With its aid it is possible for the busy reader to know something of universal literature. Indeed it may well be doubted whether there exists any more essential aid to cultivation of the mind among English-speaking people; and its importance increases with the ever-growing rush and hurry of modern times. . . No one knows its value so well as the busy man who without it might well despair of keeping in any way posted as to the trend of modern thought in this day of immense activity."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"This periodical fills a place that no other occupies. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here."—*The Watchman, Boston.*

"It contains nearly all the good literature of the time."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"Like wine, it only improves with age. . . The same amount of valuable reading cannot be found elsewhere for so small a sum."—*Christian Intelligencer, New York.*

"It would be cheap at almost any price."—*California Christian Advocate, San Francisco.*

"It stands unrivalled."—*The Presbyterian, Phila.*

"No man will be behind the literature of the times who reads THE LIVING AGE."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"It is incomparably the finest literary production of modern times. In its own peculiar sphere it has no peer. It embraces within its scope the matured thoughts, on all subjects, of the greatest authors and ripest scholars in Europe."—*Herald and Presbyterian, Cincinnati.*

"There may be some things better than THE LIVING AGE, but if so we have not seen them. . . For the man who tries to be truly conversant with the very best literature of this and other countries, it is indispensable."—*Central Baptist, St. Louis.*

"It retains the characteristics of breadth, catholicity and good taste which have always marked its editing. The fields of fiction, biography, travel, science, poetry, criticism, and social and religious discussion all come within its domain and all are well represented. . . The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"No better outlay of money can be made than in subscribing for THE LIVING AGE."—*Hartford Courant.*

"One who keeps up with THE LIVING AGE keeps up with the thought of the day."—*Albany Times.*

"To read it is itself an education in the course of modern thought and literature."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

"Coming weekly, it has a great advantage over the monthly magazines and reviews."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"It is one of the invaluable to those whose time is limited."—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*

"In it the reader finds all that is worth knowing in the realm of current literature."—*Canada Presbyterian, Toronto.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburgh.*

"He who subscribes for a few years to it gathers a choice library, even though he may have no other books."—*New-York Observer.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

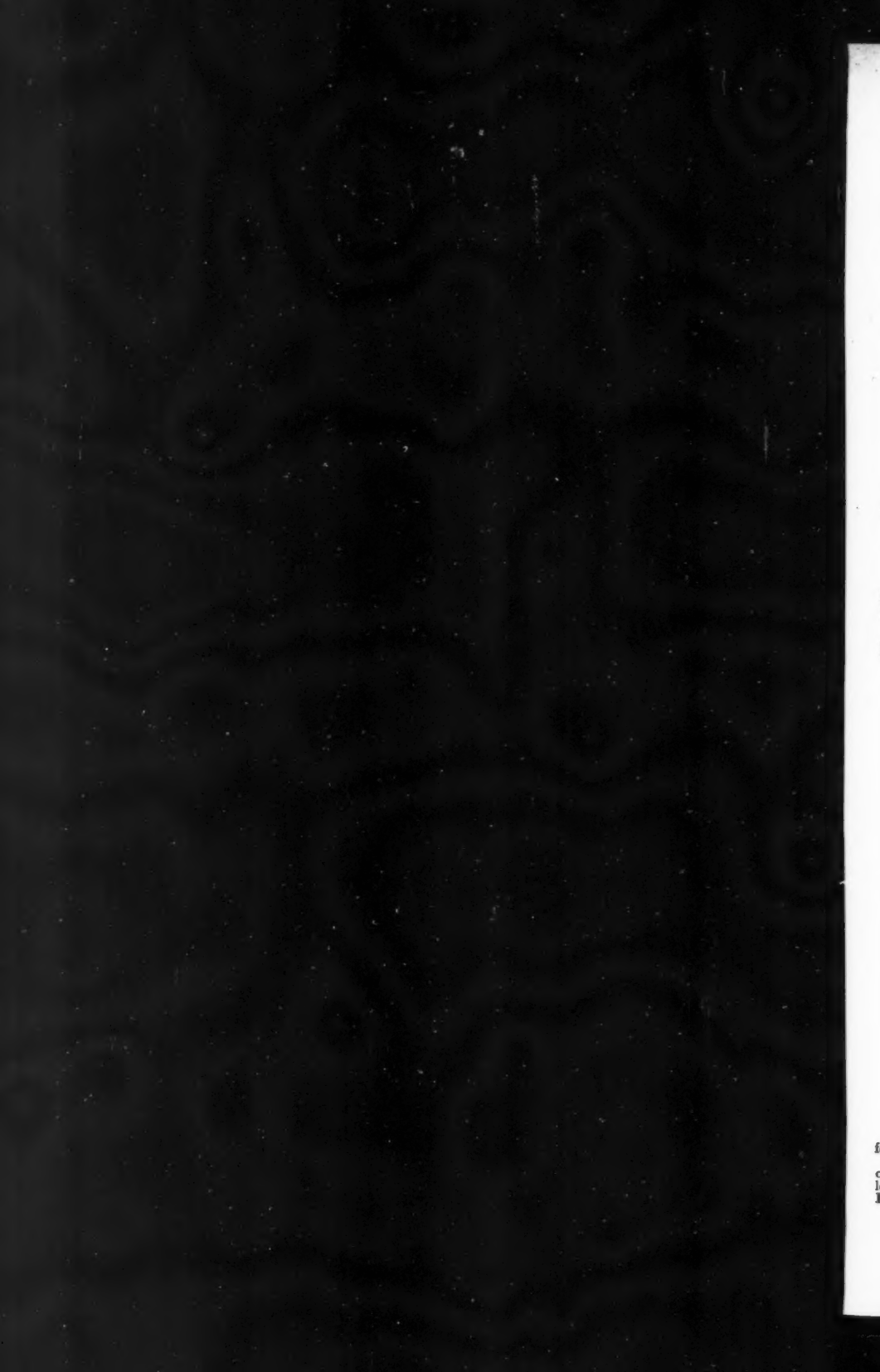
[Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our rivalrous American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation.]—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly or Bazar*) will be sent for a year, postpaid; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's Magazine*, or *Lippincott's Magazine*, or the *St. Nicholas*.

Rates for clubbing more than one other periodical with one copy of THE LIVING AGE will be sent on application.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIII. }

No. 2435.—February 28, 1891.

{ From Beginning.
Vol. CLXXXVIII.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| I. AMERICAN FICTION, | <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , | 515 |
| II. THE SHROUDED WATCHER, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 533 |
| III. RANDOM ROAMING. By the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, | <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 537 |
| IV. LIFE AND LABORS OF SCHLIEMANN. By Karl Blind, | <i>National Review</i> , | 550 |
| V. THE EDUCATION OF GENIUS. By James Sully, | <i>English Illustrated Magazine</i> , | 558 |
| VI. VOLTAIRE AND HIS FIRST EXILE, | <i>Temple Bar</i> , | 565 |
| VII. MAXIMS FOR NOVEL-WRITERS, | <i>Murray's Magazine</i> , | 570 |
| VIII. FROZEN TO DEATH, | <i>St. James's Gazette</i> , | 573 |
| IX. MODERN FIGHTING AND FIREARMS, | <i>Army and Navy Gazette</i> , | 575 |

POETRY.

| | | | |
|--|-----|--------------------|-----|
| KITTY NEALE, | 514 | PASSING, | 514 |
| MADRIGALS, FROM FOREIGN SOURCES, | 514 | | |

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| MISCELLANY, | 576 |
|-----------------------|-----|

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

KITTY NEALE.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD IRISH SONG IN THE
PETRIE COLLECTION.

ALL in the Golden Vale,
I met with Kitty Neale,
On her poll the milking-pail, a lamb nosing
at her knee.
Oh! her eyes were dreams of blue,
With the sunlight dancing through,
And her saucy lips the hue of the rose on the
tree.
For a year and for a day,
I had sought in every way
That maiden fair as May for my true love to
gain;
Every art of tongue and eye
Fond lads with lasses try,
I had used with ceaseless sigh, yet all, all in
vain!

But that morning, at the trace
Of the trouble in my face,
She paused with timid grace and murmured
my name,
And a blessed, blessed man,
I'd a kiss beneath her can
And consent her waist to span, without one
word of blame.
And amid the blooming bowers,
I'd have rambled on for hours,
With my blushing flower of flowers, under
Heaven's blue dome;
But the lamb he took a tilt
At her pail, till all was spilt,
And crying, "I'll be kilt!" Kitty darted
home.
Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

MADRIGALS, FROM FOREIGN SOURCES.

NO. I.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SULLY PRUD'HOMME.

I.

DEAR, if you knew what tears they shed,
Who live apart from home and friend,
To pass my house, by pity led,
Your steps would tend.

II.

And if you knew what jubilees
Begets, in sad souls, a friend's glance,
You'd look up where my window is,
As if by chance!

III.

And if you dreamed how a friend's smile
And nearness soothe a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to stay awhile
Before my door.

IV.

Then if you guessed I loved you, sweet,
And how my love is deep and wide,
Something might tempt your pausing feet
To come inside!

NO. II.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

LOVE, like a June rose,
Buds, and sweetly blows,—
But tears its leaves disclose
And among thorns it grows.

Take it to thy breast;
Though thorns its stem invest
Gather them, with the rest!

Then, amid pricks and pain,
Confess that thorns remain
When Beauty, proven vain,
And Love, come not again.

NO. III.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

I THOUGHT that the swallow was wooing
already
Her mate to the nest;
I thought that the wild bee with kisses already
The first rose pressed;
And that thou wert clasping me, love, already,
Close to thy breast!

II.

How bitter and wintry waxed last night
The air that was mild!
How nipped with frost were the flowers last
night,
That at dawning smiled!
How the bird lost the tune of the song last
night,
That the Spring beguiled,—
And how thou forgottest last night, last night,
Thy poor, poor child!

Murray's Magazine. ALICE HORTON.

PASSING.

THROUGH the dark valley thou wilt pass to-
night;
To the drear labyrinth of troubled years,
The fruitless sighs, the unavailing tears,
At last the end grows slowly into sight.
Death doth but wait for day's retreating
light,
For that tranced hour when eve's first
beacon peers,
And vespers gently fall on jaded ears,
To give thy soul the signal for its flight.
Then, with a brow unclouded as of old,
A heart no longer scathed by Sorrow's
scars,
Out of life's mists and vapors manifold,
Into that clime no shadow ever mars
Thou wilt emerge, and rapt communion hold
With the beloved, long-gathered to the
stars.

Murray's Magazine. WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

From The Edinburgh Review.
AMERICAN FICTION.*

DURING the first sixty years of American independence, England and America drifted far apart. The breach was widened by mutual misconceptions of national life, character, and habits. English critics assumed offensive airs of patronage towards the nascent literature of the New World. Communication between the two countries was difficult. The "traveller's tales" of English Munchausens were numerous; splenetic Liberals, who had expected a Republican Utopia of Liberty, vented their disappointment in vulgar burlesques of the truth; hasty tourists brought back superficial pictures of society as the fruit of their holiday scampers through the States. On the other side, Americans did little to remove the false impressions which were created by English travellers. They painted no pictures of their own daily life; their injudicious answers to foreign criticism, or volumes of gasconade, which made the utterances of Monsieur Parolles models of modesty, gave plausibility to the most unfounded reports. Within more recent years literature, and especially fiction, has, as it were, introduced the two nations to each other. It has not always exhibited either people in the best light, but it has removed many of those popular misconceptions

which prove prolific parents of popular prejudice. The novelists of the Old and the New Worlds have done as much as steam and telegraphy to foster kindly feelings between kindred peoples. They have proved more efficient guardians of the peace than a score of presidents or premiers. This fact alone justifies a study of American fiction. But when, in addition to this, it is remembered that American novels circulate as widely in this country as the productions of native authors, no apology is needed for an attempt to sketch the growth of fictitious literature in the New World, its present conditions and apparent tendencies.

American fiction is not yet a century old. Its sudden growth in a new, but highly civilized, country, naturally presents features different from those which mark its gradual rise in an old country. It is often said that American novelists are necessarily realistic, analytical, and anatomical, because they have little historical background, no salient class distinction, and a civilization which is essentially utilitarian in its nature. The fact that American novelists mainly devote themselves to the portraiture of every-day characters, or to photographs of contemporary life, is true. Their works are deficient in creative power, and triviality is their curse. But the explanation seems to us inadequate. America has a history of a stirring kind, neither too remote for interest, nor too recent for romance. She still possesses provincialisms which no plane of society has levelled to uniformity. From the days of "Poor Richard" a masterful practicality has reigned supreme in the New World. Labor-saving *automata* have supplanted the finer things of life; the prevalent mania is the pursuit of mammon; success is measured by money. But, if the body has thus outgrown the soul, America only exaggerates the conditions and the standards of the Old World. Some other reason must be found for the want of creative power, depth, passion, and richness which characterizes American fiction.

The explanation partly lies, as we believe, in the mental and physical deficiencies of the American nation. The

- * 1. *Old Creole Days*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. New York: 1879.
- 2. *The Grandissimes*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. New York: 1881.
- 3. *Madame Delphine*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. London: 1881.
- 4. *Dr. Sevier*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1884.
- 5. *Bon Adventure*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. London: 1888.
- 6. *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*. By George W. Cable. 8vo. New York: 1889.
- 7. *In the Tennessee Mountains*. By Charles Egbert Craddock pseud. [i.e., Mary N. Murfree]. 8vo. Boston (Mass.): 1884.
- 8. *Where the Battle was Fought*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. Boston (Mass.): 1884.
- 9. *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. London: 1885.
- 10. *Down the Ravine*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. Boston (Mass.): 1885.
- 11. *In the Clouds*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. Boston (Mass.): 1887.
- 12. *The Story of Keedor Bluffs*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. London: 1888.
- 13. *The Despot of Broomledge Cove*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 8vo. London: 1889.

nervous effects of the rapidity with which men and women live in the New World are accentuated by influences of climate. A certain delicacy of feature, grace of movement, neatness of pose, distinguish both the mental and the physical products of the country. Its literature, like its beauty, belongs to nervous, highly strung, keenly susceptible organizations. American artists are dexterous in management of lights and shades; they dispose sketches upon the canvas with the cleverness of French masters. American poets call up graceful images in graceful words, and invest common life with an air of refinement. American thought is apt to be superficial. Their thinkers rarely think a thing out; they are suggestive rather than forcible; they play with their difficulties as cats play with mice; they rarely grapple with problems and squeeze from them their life. Their theologians expatiate on creeds which are networks of dogmatic mysticism, or compounds of Puritanism with transcendental sentiment. American humor is rarely of a rollicking kind; it is dry, not rich; fine rather than deep; subtle, not broad. It depends upon quick perceptions of analogies, or upon exaggerations of facts, rather than upon a broadly comic sensibility. Americans have produced no plays which deserve the name, and in power of dramatic invention they are deficient. Their voices, like their laughter, are seldom rich or rounded, as though they proceeded from hidden recesses of being. Their variety of the English language is modified so as to gain time. Their utterance is rapid; they drop their voices at the end of the sentence in their hurry to reach the next; their idioms are compressed; even their spelling is clipped. Cold, self-possessed, precocious, alert, keen-witted, Americans seem wanting in fervor, passion, repose, and expansiveness. Their versatility is phenomenal; but the gift is dangerous if it dissipates powers or squanders talents. Few writers devote themselves to letters as their sole vocation with the self-devotion by which alone the highest literary work is produced. Novel-writing is not undertaken by persons who have any special aptitude for the work. It forms

an interlude in the literary life of writers who are also versifiers, critics, essayists, biographers, and journalists. Something like the classification of literature which prevails in the Old World is required in the New. A fatal facility of speech gives undue preponderance to talk; newspapers and magazines usurp the place of books; the best men become editors instead of authors; every one is content to be the telegraph of public opinion.

These national characteristics mark the products of American novelists. In England, the same currents are flowing with alarming rapidity. In the stress and strain of life, Englishmen also are losing their solidity, their repose, their reserved strength, both of mind and body. England is growing Americanized, and the similarity between the two nations is, in our opinion, becoming daily more marked. Grace, freshness, quickness of perception, are the gifts of the best American novelists. But, as a rule, these gifts are counterbalanced by limitations, which are as much physical as intellectual; strength, depth, richness, pathos, are wanting. In its extravagant, or imitative stages, American fiction retained the verdancy of youth. At the close of the Civil War it passed with a bound into a literature of old age. The times have been against America, so far as the highest work of matured intellectual power is concerned. New England, at least, has entered too soon upon an Alexandrian era of keen criticism and feeble production. It is to these conditions that we attribute the special characteristics of American fiction. American novelists excel in short stories. Theirs is the gift of representing episodes, incidents, phases, not the power of constructing well-compacted plots or creating composite characters. Their strength lies in alertness of observation and acuteness of analytical perception. In simple outline sketches, the quickness with which salient peculiarities are seized gives the figures vitality. In more finished pictures, especially in the higher scales of humanity, creative sympathy is more valuable than subtlety of analysis or rapidity of perception. Elaborate portraits, painted by American novelists, may arrest attention

by scientific drawing of muscles, yet they are little more than lifeless mechanisms. The artist must give something of his own, or the features necessarily remain wooden. Except keen observation, felicity of expression, and technical skill, American novelists contribute little or nothing to their lay-figures. Too artistic to attempt anything beyond their powers, they rarely approach great subjects or great characters. If they make the effort, the passion is usually melodramatic—in other words, unreal; the pathos is forced, because it is artificial; the sentiment is pitched beyond their strength, and therefore exaggerated. Consequently they restrict themselves to ranges of feeling which lie uniformly low, and to a treatment which is realistically photographic.

These preliminary observations, which we believe to be generally, though not universally, well founded, conduct us first to a sketch of the growth of American fiction, and secondly to its present outlook and tendencies. The subject is too vast to be treated with anything approaching to completeness within the limits of a single article. We propose to divide our hasty sketch of the history of American fiction into two broad periods: (1) before the war between the North and the South; (2) after the war. That tremendous event is, as it were, the watershed of the literature of the people. Before the war, American fiction was European; since the war, its legitimate products have tended to become more and more national, and distinctively American.

The growth of imaginative literature was naturally slow in America. Neither the colonial epoch nor the Revolutionary period left space for its development. The early colonists were absorbed in their work and their religion. Prose fiction was unknown or proscribed. Poetry began with the Bay Psalm book, and for two hundred years it retained its stiff Puritan form. Except for bibliographers, and apart from sermons, controversial theology, and metaphysics, the literature of America commences with the nineteenth century. The poetry of Mrs. Bradstreet—an American "Du Bartas"—of the old Dutch poets Stendam and Selyns, of

Michael Wigglesworth, the Quarles of the New World, or of Phillis Wheatley, the negro poetess, possesses only an antiquarian interest. The Revolution period produced orators, statesmen, and politicians, but no men of letters. Between the conclusion of the War of Independence and the commencement of the present century a rapid change passed over the face of American society. The intellectual stir which accompanied the struggle for independence, the decline of the narrow theocratic ideal, the growth of large cities, the rise of a cultured, leisured class, prepared the way for the profession of letters. Common interests, the absorption of conflicting race elements, the removal of local barriers, gave the nascent literature impetus and direction. The spirit that prompted the refusal of British tea induced resistance to the importation of British fiction. America could not long remain content with books of amusement written for another continent in a different stage as material civilization. She required a picture of herself—not of the mother country. But at first the declaration of literary independence was vigorously opposed. In social and political life, traditions of English torism and English manners struggled with the demands and the want of manners of an eager, youthful democracy. So also in the literary world, the two conflicting elements long contended for the mastery.

"Two things," says Ryall Tyler, "were wanting—that we write our books of amusements, and that they exhibit our own manners." In this spirit he wrote his "Algerine Captives" in 1797. But he succeeded in neither of his aims. His book is too dull to amuse, and too generalized to depict American society. Tyler belongs to the small group of American novelists who appeared at the close of the eighteenth century. This band of pioneers wrote novels in America, not American novels. Even Brown painted neither his own country nor his own time.

Ryall Tyler's novel is less well known than his dramas; but, except by professed students of literature, both are forgotten. Only two names among American novelists of the eighteenth century deserve

commemoration—those of Hugh Brackenridge and Charles Brockden Brown. Brackenridge played a not unimportant part in the history of the United States. Born in Scotland in 1748, he edited the *United States Magazine* during the War of Independence. A Federalist as the term was then understood, he opposed the new Federal Constitution lest it should create a united state rather than a union of states. A prime mover in the Whiskey Insurrection in western Pennsylvania, he wrote in 1794 a vindication of his own share in the movement. Democrat though he was, he dreaded the dangers of democracy among an uneducated people. With a true prevision of the power of fiction as an instrument in political warfare, he made these forebodings the subject of his "Modern Chivalry." The first part of the novel was published in 1796, the second in 1806. It recounts the adventures of Captain Farrago and his servant, Teague O'Regan. The former is a Don Quixote of the New World; the latter is an ignorant Irish bogtrotter, who is perpetually thrust into offices of political responsibility for which he is totally unfitted.

The interest of Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry" is political rather than literary. The reverse is the case with the romances of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist who deserves the name, and the first American writer who made a profession of letters. Few persons in America knew, or cared to know, of Brown. His fame, such as it was, came from the Old World to the New. Yet it is no slight distinction that, of all the writers of fiction, he exercised the strongest influence over the mind of Shelley. His novels display traces of the influence of the romantic school of Mrs. Radcliffe. But Godwin was his master. With some of his earnestness of manner and intensity of purpose, though with little of his insight into character, Brown is a crude, irregular, coarser Godwin. The spell that he exercises is unrefined, and his effects are produced by the raw exhibition of wonders and disasters. Yet, at his best, his intense concentration gives to his work some of the hard impressiveness of "Caleb Williams," a book in which he recognized "transcendent merit." As Godwin began with "Political Justice," so Brown commenced with "Alcuin," a dialogue on the rights of women and a dialectical discussion of marriage and divorce—a work known to us only through the extracts given in Dunlap's wretched life of the author. Here, too, may be traced the

influence of the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft. To his championship of women's rights Brown probably owed the high ideal of the female character, which inspired him with the portrait of Constantia in "Ormond," and won for him the enthusiastic admiration of Margaret Fuller. Of his novels, "Wieland" (1798) is the most characteristic, and "Ormond" (1799) the finest, product of his talent. Living in a new country which was feverishly intent on finding the highroad to wealth, Brown dwells almost exclusively in the remote bypaths of human nature. In many points he gave the keynote to his successors. Fond of framing Utopian systems, always weaving mysteries, explaining novelties by still greater novelties, dwelling in a phosphorescent climate, searching for eery phenomena in the laboratories of medical friends, employing such undefined, obscure agencies as somnambulism, spontaneous combustion, and ventriloquism, he is the progenitor of Poe, Holmes, Winthrop, Hawthorne, O'Brien, and a large school of American authors. His plots are crude and irregular; his sensibility is exaggerated; his horrors are accumulated wholesale; his atmosphere is malarial. Yet with all his glaring faults it is impossible to dispute his ability. Stiff, ungainly, monotonous, his imagination is narrow in range. For that very reason it is more intense. He creates an impression of truth by his singleness of purpose, his detail, his unvarying insistency, even when the reader most recoils from his improbable horrors.

Such were the late beginnings of American fiction. But although Brown, in "Arthur Mervyn," paints the ravages of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, and in "Edgar Huntley" introduces some of the savage figures that haunt new settlements in the wilderness, his romances cannot be called, in a true sense of the words, national or distinctively American. The first twenty years of the present century were the seedtime for the coming harvest, which, in quantity at least, became abundant after 1821. Within that period a number of literary Americans reached their intellectual maturity. Allston, the painter, and the author of "Monaldi," was born in 1779. Paulding, the *collaborateur* of Irving and the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside," was born in the same year. Timothy Flint, who in "Francis Berrian" told the tale of the Mexican war in the days of Iturbide, was born in 1780. The next fifteen years witnessed the births of Washington Irving (1783), Miss

Leslie (1786), R. H. Dana (1787), Cooper (1789), Miss Sedgwick (1790), Neal (1791), Thompson and Kennedy (1795). The list contains only two names of men whose fame is European — Washington Irving and Cooper. Yet a few words are justly due to their forgotten contemporaries.

American fiction, it must be remembered, still lay in the cradle. On the one hand it tended to copy English models; on the other, to walk at all hazards alone. It is either feebly imitative, or absurdly exaggerated. Few writers, at this early stage, occupied a more important position than Paulding. He owed his influence as much to his political as to his literary reputation; and he exercised it in favor of independence. In "Salmagundi" (1807) he aided the two Irvings to satirize the follies of fashionable social life in the style of the "Spectator." But twenty years of offensive literary patronage changed his tone. He became the protagonist of his countrymen against the superciliousness of English criticism. His "Brother Jonathanism" increased as the battle waxed hotter. In the "Backwoodsman" (1818) he gave free vent to the national sentiment. Four of his lines did frequent duty on patriotic platforms and are neither worse nor better than the rest of his verse:—

Neglected Muse of this our Western clime,
How long in servile imitative rhyme
Wilt thou thy stifled energies enchain,
And tread the worn-out path still o'er again?

In prose and verse this is the burden of his utterances. Again and again he recurs to the charge, and laughs at Brother Jonathan for flaunting in the secondhand finery of Europe. Possessing no dramatic talent and no great skill in narration, he took to novel-writing, as he himself says, "as people engage in the tobacco or grocery line from seeing others prosper mightily in the business." Nowadays his novels are unreadable. In the same attempt at precocious independence, John Neal "out-Jonathaned" Paulding. In the preface to "Rachel Dyer" (1828) he indignantly protests against classical English, and appeals to his countrymen "to launch into space and found a new republic of letters." His own example proved a warning. In an exaggerated, affected style, jerks, jaunty, and out of breath, he proved the fatal fluency of his pen by pouring forth a succession of novels, tragedies, newspaper articles, and miscellaneous essays. It has never been our fortune to read a more insufferably con-

ceited volume than his "Wandering Recollections." But Paulding and Neal had the tide of popular sentiment flowing with them. Unless this fact is appreciated, it is impossible to realize the value of Washington Irving to American literature.

Outside the eddy of these conflicting currents stood Miss Sedgwick. Representing, as she did, the highest culture of the society of Boston, and placidly contented with the conditions of the New World, she was little tempted to join Neal's crusade against classical English, to re-echo Irving's flattery of English manners and customs, or to vie with Cooper in his irritable partisanship for America. Miss Sedgwick was not the first female novelist, Susannah Rowson, born at Portsmouth in 1762, was her best-known predecessor. Actress, schoolmistress, dramatist, poet, compiler of schoolbooks, Mrs. Rowson also wrote a number of novels. Into "Charlotte Temple" (1790), "Rebecca; or, the Fille-de-Chambre" (1792), and "Charlotte's Daughter" (posthumously published in 1828), she has thrown many of her experiences of American society during the war. "Charlotte Temple," written in the stilted, sentimental style of the day, still finds readers. In its main outlines it is a true story, opening with the journey of two young English officers to Portsmouth, under orders to join their regiments in America. The real name of Charlotte Temple was Charlotte Stanley, who was thrown on the streets of New York by her betrayer, Colonel Montresor, the Colonel Montraville of Mrs. Rowson's novel. Like the villain of the story, Colonel Montresor afterwards married in New York. By a strange Nemesis, his eldest son became engaged to his daughter by Charlotte Stanley. This part of the story is told in the sequel to "Charlotte Temple," which was published after Mrs. Rowson's death under the title of "Charlotte's Daughter." Matilda Warren's melodramatic piety, and Hannah Forster's well-meant warnings, are forgotten with such books as "The Gamesters" or "The Coquette." Mrs. Tenney's "Female Quixotism" is a satire upon the sentimentalism which prevailed in America, as well as in England, at the close of the century.* But though Miss Sedgwick was not the first, she was by far the best, of the women-novelists of the early period. She has been called an American Miss Edgeworth, and she deserves the name for the aim, if not the power of her writing. Moral sentiment is rarely absent from her books.

All her work is permeated by good sense and good feeling. Her novels, in spite of their diffuseness, are still readable. Beginning with "New England Tales" in 1822, she touched on many points of American history and society. "Redwood" (1824) is worth a glance for its picture of Virginian society, the household of Mr. Lenox, Debby Lenox, and life at Lebanon springs. "Hope Leslie" (1827), a story of colonial life in 1650, contains, in Magawisca, the Red Indian heroine, an impossibly idealized character, which is at least interesting from the fact of its conception. But it was as a writer of tales of moral sentiment and juvenile stories that Miss Sedgwick did best service. In this field American writers have deservedly gained a high reputation; and as the precursor of Eliza Leslie, M. E. Cumins, M. L. Charlesworth, Fanny Fern, Susan Warner, Louisa Alcott, and, above all, Jacob Abbott, Miss Sedgwick deserves the gratitude of her countrymen.

In literary history, Paulding, Neal, Kennedy, and Miss Sedgwick are not forgotten. In literature itself, the only two names which the world remembers are those of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper. They are the best representatives of the two conflicting elements in American fiction—inherited traditions and national sentiment.

It is easy to decry the merits of Irving, to attribute his success to favorable circumstances, to define the limitations of his powers. Possibly Americans are prone to depreciate, Englishmen to exaggerate, his merits. His Addisonian imitations, and his admiration of the Old World, flatter the national sentiment of the one as much as they offend the national sentiment of the other. Irving's writings came as a revelation to an English public, which was astonished to find that an American could not only appreciate their habits and customs, but also handle their language with a grace which few of his contemporaries in either continent could rival. Writings, based upon the impressions created by the Old World in a refined observer from the New, possessed at the time of their appearance a virgin piquancy. His graceful style makes his "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" English classics. Nor did he altogether lose his charm, when, in his later writings, he became more studied, and allowed a careful elegance to take the place of natural simplicity. But his real triumphs were won in his Dutch stories. Rip van Winkle and Ichabod Crane deserve im-

mortality by the side of the Primroses and Flamboroughs. His *nom-de-plume* of Geoffrey Crayon is singularly appropriate. He is dexterous in his management of light and shade, with an artist's eye for effects and an artist's taste for disposition and arrangement. But his sketches are chalk drawings rather than paintings. They resemble copies from highly finished, faded pictures, more than transcripts of fresh impressions taken from nature herself. He is skilled in making much out of nothing, and in presenting trifles through a pictorial, poetical medium. Never farcical or forced, always delicate and refined, reserved in thought and word, he seems, even in youth, to have caught that spirit of mild serenity of tranquil old age which breathes in his pages. But his gifts are narrowly limited. His pathos is scarcely more than tender sentiment; his humor ought, strictly speaking, to be styled unaffected gaiety.

Cooper's fate has been different from that of Irving. If injustice was done him, it was by English critics; if he received extravagant eulogy, it was his own countrymen who thus rewarded his literary efforts. But for his irritable vanity, his popularity in America might have been unbounded. "The Pilot," with its furious nationality, "The Leatherstocking Series" with their laudation of noble savages over civilized gentlemen, exactly hit the popular sentiment. America hailed him, and with some justice, as her first novelist. But when she claimed for him originality or independence, she claimed too much. He wrote under the influence of Scott, and made a successful effort to apply Scott's method to the New World. Like his master, Cooper has the inestimable advantage of something to say. America in 1820 still stood on the borderland between civilization and barbarism. It was exactly in this borderland that his greatest triumphs were achieved. "The Spy," in 1821, established his fame in both continents. Miss Edgeworth writes in that year to express her delight in the novelty of his scenes and characters—"a picture of America in Washington's time, a surgeon worthy of Smollett or Moore, and quite different from any of their various surgeons, and an Irishwoman, Biddy Flanagan, incomparable." Within the next sixteen years he had produced a score of novels of American adventure, four stories the scenes of which are laid in Europe, histories, satires, journals of travel, and volumes of political or religious controversies and general squabbles. His last

novel, "The Ways of the Hour," was published in 1850.

Nothing is more remarkable than the irregularity of Cooper's work and his insecurity of touch. Too hurried to be restrained, too careless to be finished, too fluent to be artistic, he seems to possess no literary style. But in his best passages these very defects enhance his merits. It is because he has not waited to select his words, that his narrative is rapid, strong, and overwhelming. No pause or check impedes its rush. He has little constructive talent, and still less power of drawing characters. His plots are incoherent or monotonous in plan. His heroes are turned into the forest to stumble on adventures or, as in "The Pilot," "The Prairie," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," there is an escape and a pursuit. In detail the construction of his stories may be similarly criticised. The action is incredible, the motive insufficient, the conduct unaccountable. His inability to create characters is equally manifest. In his European travels, he collects a mass of information as to facts; but he rarely, if ever, attempts to sketch a character or to record a conversation. His novels display the same deficiencies. He is not at home in painting social life. His dignified characters are dull, his humbler figures are exaggerated. His women are so insipid as to be totally wanting in interest. They are only introduced as means of creating business. His conversations are wooden, spiritless, and invariably skipped. In his sea novels, it is not his Long Tom Coffins, but his Ariels, Dolphins, and Bristol traders, which support the action of the pieces. We are interested in the fate of the craft, not in that of the live stock. Yet Cooper has enriched fiction with one character which the world will not willingly let die. By whatever name Leatherstocking be called, his presence gives vitality to the story in which he figures. With his childlike simplicity, his infinite woodcraft, his untaught piety, his gentleness and truth, his grief at the progress of civilization, he is a coherent, actual creation. It is only the critical eye which detects the strain upon credulity, or perceives that the proportions exceed the size of life. When even Leatherstocking is exaggerated, it is not surprising that Cooper's Red Indian is an Aristides in paint, a Cato in a blanket, a Stoic of the primeval forest. With only one exception, Cooper's characters are like the performers in a circus, called up to go through

a certain round, make their bows, and disappear.

It argues no common genius for description and narration that, with such conspicuous defects, Cooper's scenes do yet produce the illusion of reality. In describing the fierce moods of the sea, or in personifying the silence of forest and prairie, he has few rivals. Here he brings his special knowledge into play, and writes of his own experiences as a sailor or a backwoodsman. Here he combines, and to excellent effect, directness of purpose with minuteness of detail. Sometimes the Delphic God seems to move within him, and he stammers out what he sees and feels, not what he thinks or imagines. At such moments he rivets attention till the improbabilities of the situation are forgotten. His habitual reliance on hair-breadth escapes in time blunts the feeling of suspense. But, with all his faults, in force and vigor of narrative Cooper has not often been surpassed.

Irving had few disciples. Kennedy, in "Swallow-Barn" (1832), avowedly imitates him in his good-natured sketches of Virginian society, but he falls far below his model. Longfellow in "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer" is infinitely more successful in catching the graceful ease, cultured tone, and international breadth of Geoffrey Crayon. Cooper, on the contrary, was the Pathfinder in whose trail followed a swarm of writers. Like their leader, they were romancers, not realists. They did not attempt, any more than Cooper had done, to paint contemporary society, local scenes, or provincial characters. Like him, they depended for their interest on sensational incidents, exciting adventures, and striking effects. English critics were, and still are, prone to wonder that American writers have not sought inspiration in their own history. The surprise can only proceed from ignorance. Few epochs of colonial history were left untouched. Mrs. Child in "Hobomok" (1824) treats of early New England life. Motley, the historian, began his literary career with "Merry-Mount," which has the same period as its background. Kennedy in "Horse-Shoe Robinson" (1835), and Simms, an American G. P. R. James, in a continuous series of stories, deal with the War of Independence in South Carolina. Thompson, in "Green Mountain Boys" (1840) and its successors, writes a history of Vermont before and after the war. Flint, in "Francis Berrian" (1826), chooses for the historic background of his story the Mexican war of 1821, and

for his scenery the Red River and the Arkansas. Hoffman's "Greyslaer" (1840) is a tale of the War of Independence and frontier factions in the district of Albany. Bird, in "Calvaar" and "The Infidel," selects scenes in the conquest of Mexico, and in "Nick of the Woods" (1837) paints with exaggerated vigor Red Indian life during the consolidation of Kentucky. Jones's "Haverhill" (1831) contains the memoirs of an officer in General Wolfe's army during the conquest of Canada. Such are but a few examples from a lengthy catalogue of historical novels written during the lifetime of Cooper, and within the first fifty years from the birth of American fiction. The reproach that these early novelists neglected their own history is totally unfounded. The anti-English national sentiment was strong, and noisily asserted itself; but power to give it adequate expression was wanting. Crudities of style, extravagances of plot or incident, an excess of overloaded description, a morbid taste for horrors — in a word, all the natural defects of a youthful literature have consigned these patriotic efforts to well-deserved oblivion. Nor was it only in these directions that American novelists attempted flight. In "Philothea" (1835) Mrs. Child told a tale of Pericles and Aspasia, suffused with an atmosphere of Swedenborgianism and Bostonian transcendentalism. In her wake followed Ware, who, in stiff, stately style, essayed classic fiction with such books as "Zenobia" (1836), and "Probus," and "Julian." Far more worthy of record are the novels of travel and adventure of Dr. Mayo and Hermann Melville. Mayo is an inferior Morier. His "Kaloolah," with its medley of home experiences, African adventures, and political and social satire, has shared the fate of Hadji Baba of Ispahan. As a sea-painter, Melville stands to Cooper in somewhat the same relation as Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," stands to Marryat. Extravagant and hyperbolic as his books often are, "Typee," "Omoo," and "Redburn" are vivid transcripts of personal experiences, possessing the fresh charm of improvisation. They are stirring tales of sea and land adventure, interspersed with marine pictures worthy of VanderVelde, filled with highly wrought, spirited descriptions, and crowded with outline figures, which are dashed in with rapid, vigorous, and often telling, strokes.

None of the books which we have so far encountered were, in the true sense of the word, distinctively American. It was

not the purpose of their authors to describe their own national characteristics or preserve the racial or social peculiarities of contemporary life. All that they required was an imaginary background for their sensational incidents. Their books were European, not American. Yet one American novel has been called by so discriminating a critic as Lowell "the first Yankee book," containing "the soul of down East." Sylvester Judd's "Margaret" was published in 1845. Apart from its literary merit, which is, in our opinion, small, the publication is interesting. It is a sign of the times. It marks a change in the attitude of theologians towards imaginative fiction. The Unitarians were at this time, perhaps, the most numerous — certainly the most influential — religious body in the northern States. Judd, himself a Unitarian minister, writes the novel with the avowed purpose of breaking down the prejudices which his co-religionists manifested towards fiction. "Margaret" is a story of New England between 1783 and 1800. It takes up the history of the country at the point at which it emerged from the revolutionary war. Unlike most of its contemporaries, the novel deals with character instead of adventures; it treats of inward development, not outward movement. It has the one unpardonable fault of dullness. Yet through the clumsy, labored touches of the artist, and through the haze of religion and poetry with which the book is suffused, may be seen — as nowhere else at the time — the working of the New England mind, the keen study of spiritual life, the domestic virtues, the love of home and inanimate nature, and the political, social, and religious idealism which contribute the finer sides of the shrewd, money-getting character.

With the possible exception of this one obscure product of native talent, the most faithful sketches of contemporary American life come from the pen of a foreigner. Little is known of Carl Postel, who wrote under the name of Charles Sealsfield. Fascinated by the vastness of the American continent and by the variety of its social civilization, he studied the country with true German thoroughness, noting every detail, registering every feature, incorporating every fact. His plots are little more than slender threads by which he strings together his experiences. In his "Travelling Sketches," for instance, the hero is a young Virginian, who leaves his plantation in charge of an overseer and travels to the Northern States in search of

a wife. He passes through a variety of adventures, mixes in New York society, meets Yankee traders and Alabama orators, is present at a backwoods election, sees something of the dark and light sides of slave life, recognizes the miseries of absenteeism, encounters a cruel and impudent Pennsylvanian overseer, and finally marries Louise Menon, the daughter of a Creole landlord of Louisiana. In the "Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemispheren" (Zurich, 1835) the story is continued by the honeymoon tour of the young couple on board Mississippi and Arkansas steamboats. Fact rather than imagination is Sealsfield's sphere. He draws what he sees with graphic realism; but his method is too rapid, and his aim too vast, for his pictures to be anything but panoramic sketches. The different parts are not brought into relief; the tone is uniformly flat; the general result is fragmentary and incomplete. Yet no other writer, in either the New or the Old World, has depicted with a tithe of Sealsfield's truth, vigor, and comprehensiveness the conditions of American life from 1828 to 1842.

Till nearly the close of the first half of the present century American fiction remained more or less in the imitative stage. Brown was an American Godwin; Irving was a "Spectator" on the banks of the Hudson; Cooper was an American Scott; Miss Sedgwick, an American Miss Edgeworth; Simms, an American James; Mayo an American Morier; Miss Kirkland, whose pleasant sketches were published under the name of "Mary Clavers," an American Miss Mitford. No distinctively original forces arose in the fictitious literature of America before the advent of Poe and Hawthorne. Both these writers struck out for themselves an independent line. They have no prototypes in English fiction.

Poe's region is that of pure romance. With the instinct of genius he selected the field for which his powers were peculiarly adapted. From it he rarely wandered. His strangely introverted mind preyed upon itself. His gloom and melancholy were part of his own nature. The world with which he came in contact produced no impression upon him, or, at the most, provoked his sneer. The problems of real life find no place in his pages. Heartless himself, he had no heart for the trials of humanity. He does not draw from observation; his bloodless, spectral figures are not flesh and blood. Almost all his tales are based on the sentiment of terror, excited either by tangible dangers

or weird fancies. Anomalies and deformities of human nature, physical decay and decomposition, pseudo-science, and appalling deaths, are his favorite topics. The genius of the man is displayed in his treatment. Compare his effects with those of Brown, and the difference is seen to be enormous. His thought is pure idealism, his method pure realism. And in the fusion of the two lies the secret of his power. He is at once piercingly direct and mysteriously vague. He aimed at vividness of impression, and he obtained it by a careful selection and disposition of every detail. He was, what none of his predecessors had been, a consummate artist. His weird imaginings stand out in the dreamland of fancy with almost dazzling clearness. Mysterious, obscure, elusive, as are the elements with which he works, the picture he produces is as clear and definite as a photograph from real life. The majority of his tales scarcely rise above the level of mechanical cleverness, to which they were condemned by his belief that all literature is a mere trick. His humor was of the elvish kind which rejoices in mystification. It belongs to that bastard species in which practical joking is classified; it consisted in passing off fictitious narratives as facts, and in elaborate preparation for his drafts on human credulity. The highest kind of work was placed beyond his reach by his entire want of human sympathy. But in such a composition as "The Fall of the House of Usher" he achieves a great literary triumph by the vivid impression and definite sensations which his imaginative realism enables him to produce. In his own narrow field he was an original genius, and, as such, his name will outlive the fame of many who better deserve the wreath of immortality. And he possesses an additional claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. He was for America the founder of the short story which is the characteristic form of the national fiction. He is the progenitor of Hale, Cable, Bret Harte, or Stockton. Complete in itself, the American short story does not, like the English imitation, suggest that it is a portion of a larger whole. It is not fragmentary, but as perfect within its limits as a French *conte*.

In some obvious points Hawthorne may, at first sight, seem to resemble Poe. A closer study proves that the superficial similarities are really points of contrast. In strength both of head and heart, in ethical purpose, spiritual insight, sincerity of method, power of observation, and,

above all, in human sympathies, Hawthorne far excels his contemporary. He possesses Poe's combination of realism and idealism in a larger, healthier measure. Poe was realistic only in treatment; he cared nothing for detail except as an aid to his art of mystification. In a sense this is true of Hawthorne. But his poetic vision is united with matter-of-fact observation, because through the real he grasped the ideal. His humor is less extravagant, because less artificial, than the humor of Poe. His style, mannerist though he undoubtedly is, surpasses that of Poe, except in those gloomy, sombre passages where the latter is at his best. Poe is a morbid pessimist, who groped among repulsive horrors in search of sensational effects. Hawthorne, a sound-minded, healthy optimist, studied the mysteries of human nature as the basis of his ideal philosophy of life. Of the two men, Hawthorne was the greater and the more conscientious artist. All his work is carefully finished, and it has the added charms of originality of thought, rich, statuesque fancy, and subtle psychological analysis. It possesses also the peculiar fascination of shyness broken down. Hawthorne pours into his pages all the whims, reveries, and reflections which reserve and diffidence forbade him to divulge in speech. The hereditary taint of solitariness was confirmed by the incommunicative habits of his family. Solitude was his companion, imagination his playmate. A grave, melancholy anatomist, he speculates on human nature with tranquil curiosity. An unaffected, but never a misanthropic, cynic, a solitary in his walks, a phantom to his neighbors, he lived a hermit life, endowed with the divine faculty of silence. Yet from his quiet corner he was not only a minute, but an interested, observer of his fellow-creatures, or of the currents by which their lives were affected. No man who so strongly felt the beauties of external nature, or who could paint children with such true tenderness of feeling, could have been the gloomy psychologist it is the Gallic fashion to represent him. Groping as he did into the holes and corners of the human heart, it is a strong proof of his ethical purpose that these dangerous subjects never betray him into repulsive realism or sickly sentimentalism. He could not have escaped the peril if no higher motive than morbid curiosity had guided his search. His mind was always wholesome, his interest in humanity keen to the last. His life was sequestered;

fame came to him but slowly; its rewards were tardy. Yet the discipline was on the whole good. As he says himself in one of his autobiographical notes: "If I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters."

Hawthorne offers a remarkable illustration of his own belief in the power of inherited tendencies, the transmitted effects of human action, the influence upon the mind of local surroundings. Both his ancestry and his birthplace moulded his genius and colored his imagination. He was lineally descended from John Hawthorne, the colonial Torquemada who, in 1692, sat at the Witch House in Salem as one of the assistants on the trial of those into whom the devil had entered. Like the witch-judge, Hawthorne is pre-occupied by the fantasies of overwrought religious sensibility — enthralled by spiritual mysteries of human nature. A born inquisitor, he investigates with passionless eyes the transcendent secrets of the soul. Temptation, evil, and the consequences of sin, give the keynotes of his tragedies. The spell of the supernatural holds him, as it held his forefathers. Its shadow lies upon his intellectual heart. He stands wistfully in that broad belt of twilight where, like night and morning, vice and virtue meet, and the seen and the unseen come into contact, and melt into one another, so that they lose their lines of demarcation. The unsolved mysteries of this region exercise over him a glamor which he imparts to his pages; its shadowy scenery forms his favorite background; its sunless atmosphere envelops the stage on which his tragedies are played. So, too, early surroundings of time and place were exactly calculated to strengthen his inherited tendencies and transmit unimpaired the effects of previous actions. In the decaying town of Salem, venerable among the cities of the New World, peopled with the spectres of stern-visaged Puritans, eloquent with memories of a terrible phase of religious thought, Hawthorne was born in 1804, and there he lived the most impressionable years of his life. From these surroundings he derived that sympathy for antiquity which is neither Irving's reverence for all that is venerable, nor the respect which the pride of an old country pays to the vestiges of an historic past. Hawthorne's peculiar sentiment is partly compassion for decayed gentility in the midst of modern prosperity, partly a hu-

morous perception of the absurdity of its claims to deference. Both the ancestral and the local influences powerfully affect Hawthorne's writings. It is the suppressed passion of his Puritan ancestor which gives to "The Scarlet Letter" its haunting force. Beneath the surface of its parched and sultry pages glows with almost oppressive intensity of heat the divine wrath of the old witch-judge. It is his peculiar feeling towards antiquity which in "The House with the Seven Gables" guides his brush as he paints the pathetic, yet sub-humorous, figure of Hepzibah Pyncheon, or in "Transformation" reveals the secret of the melancholy atmosphere of Rome and the mingled sublimity and triviality of the Eternal City.

Ancestry and local surroundings, mental gifts and mental defects, unite to make Hawthorne the greatest master of the preternatural, the magician of the spell of supernatural awe. From every side come the elements which produce the effect of unsubstantiality—his power of pensive brooding, the brown twilight color which wraps his figures in a strange, hazy atmosphere, the coldness of his analysis, the self-possession of his style, the indefiniteness of his touch, the indeterminate-ness of his end. His heroes and heroines have little warmth; they scarcely talk like ordinary men and women; they move self-consciously; they speak constrainedly, as though there is something present which reads their thoughts, notes their gestures, registers their actions. The human interest is never so overpowering as to break through the film of the atmosphere. A master of the by-play of suggestion, his hints meet us at every turn. His subtle mind and pictorial imagination give ghostly significance to the commonest objects. He works out the central idea in marvellous detail, never presenting it nakedly, but always giving it concrete shape, exhibits it from fresh points of view, offers it in new combination, till the reader ends by feeling that he is himself haunted by the impalpable, inevitable presence of Hawthorne's thought.

Hawthorne's mastery of the preternatural seem to us the most characteristic feature in his genius. He followed no predecessor; he left behind him no successor. He stands so completely alone that the ordinary methods of comparative criticism are baffled. He must be taken as what he is—an original genius. Yet, independent as he is, he cannot be called a distinctively American novelist. He is

not a novelist at all. Fancy, imagination, poetic vision, are his gifts. Romance is his domain. Too intent upon penetrating below the surface in both men and things, he represented neither as they passed before his eyes. He looks through, rather than at, life. No figures stand out from his pages, which, like Hosea Biglow, are unmistakable products of the New World. The Puritan background, which he uses with such consummate effect, was imaginative and historical not contemporary or actual. In the "Blithedale Romance" he deals with a passing phase of social history; in his "Note Book" and "Shorter Stories" he draws from characters and scenes which are of home growth. But, in spite of these exceptions, he remains a romancer rather than a novelist. His neutral territory between fact and fancy is a "no man's land;" he makes no effort to paint life at his doors. His treatment is indirect, that of his successors is direct; his method is fanciful, theirs is realistic; they have gained the power of reproducing what they see with vivid force; they have lost the ideal touch, which is the secret of creation, and which redeems from triviality the commonest incidents and most ordinary figures.

Before 1861 writers of American fiction were either imitators or not distinctively national. It might be thought that a strong exception should be made in favor of the raciness of the best-known American humorists. National, in one sense, they may fairly claim to be. Making enormous allowances for their exaggeration, they not only preserved the dialectal peculiarities of American Doric, but painted truer pictures of many phases of social, political, and military life than contemporary novelists. Humor was, indeed, their only resource if they would compete with newspapers in a picture of the every-day world. It was a rude device to catch the popular ear. Original, except in the most technical and grudging sense of the word, no one will deny them to be; but literary they certainly are not. Lowell is the true master of American humor so far as it is a distinct literary product. He has no predecessor. Charles Lamb and Burton, or the "Spectator," or Thackeray, may be prototypes of Washington Irving, of Holmes, or of Curtis or Warner. But what Old World humorist is the father of the American school which arose before or during the war—a school of which Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, Major Jack Downing, John Phoenix, Orpheus C. Kerr, and, above all, Artemus

Ward and Mark Twain are the best representatives? In one sense, it is true, Sam Slick, the clockmaker, is the parent of Artemus Ward, the showman. But the form of literature which is represented in both books—the humorous drama with a single character in different situations—is one which American humorists have made peculiarly their own. Though the credit of the invention may belong to Judge Haliburton, the original stock has been so modified that it is now essentially American. If we wished to prove the limitations which we indicated in the intellectual as well as the physical equipment of American writers, we should seek our evidence in the humorists of the New World. But we are abashed by the fact that the most clownish of their capers are more admired by Englishmen than by Americans. The form chosen for the humorous display is exactly fitted for keen observers of superficial peculiarities and ridiculous situations, who are also deficient in the powers of creating characters or constructing plots. In the single-figure dramas neither plot nor character is needed. Dealing largely in hyperbole or exaggeration of facts, relying for effect upon the assumption of simplicity or the affectation of modesty, American humor is deficient in depth and pathos, wanting in broad comicality, heartiness, and geniality. At its best the national humor is little more than lively, keenly discriminating, caricature, often resting on a basis of serious earnestness. Coarsely drawn, hard-hitting pictures exhibit in exaggerated outline, softened by no depth and shade of tenderness, a rapid, condensed vigor, and a remarkable power of producing the required effect by the smallest possible number of touches. But no mechanical aids to absurdity, in the shape of fantastic spelling or unexpected turns, will prevent these rough-and-ready sketches from frequently degenerating into buffoonery or blasphemy. They present a marked contrast to the easy finish and unstudied refinement of the best humorists of the Old World. Easy without being finished, they are unstudied but not refined. They are, in many cases, hasty charcoal sketches scrawled upon the walls of society to please the casual passers-by.

When Hawthorne's last great novel was published, America was already nearing that tremendous conflagration which was to purge the national character of much of its dross and slag, weld the people into a united nation, and inaugurate a national literature. Men had long expected the

event. Tucker's "Partisan Leader: an Apocalypse of the Origin and Struggles of the Southern Confederacy," published in 1836, narrates with remarkable prescience the break-up of the republic, and the struggle between the North and the South. Tucker foretells how the Southern States broke off from the union and formed a Southern Confederacy; how Virginia and the frontier States wavered between North and South, and finally seceded when the Northern States raised "an army of observation" on the pretext of fearing attack. He insists on the advantages in point of material which the South possessed over the North, and on the encouragement to hope for armed assistance which the sympathy of Great Britain afforded the Confederates. It was obvious to many besides Tucker that the conflagration was advancing. The heat was sensibly felt. The coming crisis showed itself in social and political Utopias, in vague dissatisfaction with existing conditions, in a restless spirit of religious exploration, in wild beatings against the barriers of the unseen world, in the hysterical sentimentalism and fantastic idealism of a species of fictitious literature, which owed its popularity to its appeals to highly strung, excited, nervous society. The book, which, in more than a literary sense, gave the signal for the struggle, could only have produced its effect at a time of strained tension. At the present day its interest is rather historic than intrinsic. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appealed by its vigor, highly colored pictures to a people which had been gradually worked up to the highest pitch of impressionable sensibility. Topsy is the only first-rate character in the book, and she is a black diamond. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair are painted with the sentimental vulgarity which characterizes Dickens or Warren in their treatment of ladies and gentlemen. Eva is an exaggerated Little Nell. There is no compacted consistency in the work. Scenes and situations, often powerfully treated in themselves, might be extracted without affecting the so-called plot. But in, and behind, the authoress moves a tenth wave of moral sentiment which, consciously or unconsciously, sweeps through the book. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hit the nail on the head. Whether the details were, or were not, true, their collection into the experiences of an individual gave a false and exaggerated view of the evils of slavery. On the other hand, Mrs. Stowe was abundantly justified in her method when she showed the abuses

which were at least possible, and the enormities that the system legalized.

With the conclusion of the war between North and South, American fiction enters upon a new era. The date forms a watershed, a "great divide." New tendencies become more and more marked. To indicate these with completeness is obviously impossible. Even the moderate degree of detail with which the previous period was treated can no longer be attempted. Writers of fiction muster by the hundred instead of by the score; the average quality has improved almost as rapidly as the quantity has increased. But certain lines of development may at least be indicated. The older school were devotees of historical romance; they took no interest in psychology; they provided no intellectual exercise; passing over both mind and heart, they aimed at the nerves in order to inflict a shock. The later schools of American fiction follow different tendencies. One school is given up to the exhibition of character. Direct transcripts from contemporary society form its staple subject. Short stories, instead of novels or romances, become its favorite method of presentation. Commonplace characters, ordinary scenes in society, familiar incidents in daily life, are portrayed with minute realism of treatment, fidelity of detail, and accuracy of observation. Another school, while adhering to contemporary life as their main subject, allows freer play to the imagination, neither eschews passion, nor dreads melodrama, and endeavors to unite the realism of the novel with the idealism of romance. The first group of writers belong, for the most part, to keen and crowded New England, where intense concentration of wealth, trade, and population seems to have fostered a corresponding intensity of literary finish. The second group of writers belongs to the West and to the South, and its best representatives are Bret Harte and Howe, Cable and Miss Murfree.

Historical romance, which up to 1861 had played so large a part in American fiction, almost disappears after the war of 1861. That internecine struggle, with its splendid exhibitions of endurance, daring, and patriotism, its vast issues, its stupendous proportions, dwarfed into insignificance all the previous materials for historical romance. But the material which it provided in itself was as yet too recent for adequate treatment. Cooke has tried to tell the Virginian side of the story in such books as "Hilt to Hilt,"

"Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun, or the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins." Different episodes in the struggle have found other narrators in Lanier, De Forest, Gilmore, Trowbridge, and many others. It is noteworthy that two writers of brilliant promise, each in his way representing one of the two tendencies of later American fiction, should have fallen in the war. One was FitzJames O'Brien, whose short tales of mystery and horror rival those of Poe in perfection of artistic finish. The other was Winthrop, who exhibited something of the passion, poetry, vigor, and manly earnestness, without which novelists of the war only make the reader wince or shiver with every word. More within the scope of ordinary powers lay the stories devoted to the devastation, or the reconstruction, of society. No picture has been painted of the widespread desolation that the war left behind in its trail which can compare for graphic power with that of Miss Murfree in "Where the Battle was Fought." Cable, himself a Southerner of the Southerners, yet convinced of the justice of the Northern cause, has chosen as the pivot of more than one of his stories the meeting and blending of the two peoples. Other less-known writers have labored in the same field. In "Rodman, the Keeper," for instance, Miss Woolson tells a pathetic story of the granite-walled cemetery which the North erected in memory of those of her sons who fell on a Southern battlefield. In temper and feeling, her story, short though it is, is far finer than Tourgee's needlessly irritating novels. Baker is another novelist who attempts to mediate between the race-prejudices of the North and the caste-prejudices of the South. "Mose Evans" turns upon the contrast between old and new. In the story of a New Englander who settles in South Carolina, Baker brings out the respect which the inert Southerner and the enterprising Yankee feel for each other, the latent sense that each is lacking in something which the other can supply, the good fellowship that may spring up between the shrewdness of saws and maxims and the repose of unthriftily carelessness. Every novel, which thus helps to distinguish the social conventions and conditions of the people, removes a fruitful source of prejudice and throws another bridge "Across the Chasm."

Excluded, as we have said, by recent events of overpowering interest from the old materials of historic romance, modern American fiction mainly devoted itself to

the task of delineating contemporary life with fulness of detail and fidelity to truth. Situations, incidents, characters, scenery are American. The treatment also is American. It is colorless, cold, direct; thin, and even bleak, in atmosphere. The victorious rival of the old historical romance was the Civil War; the most formidable competitor of the modern American novel is the daily press. But the change in subject was in itself sound and healthy. It gave an unmistakable proof of the growth of an essentially national literature. A glance at some of the best-known works of the modern school illustrates the strength of the movement. New England life, for instance, has been painted with infinite variety of detail—now in its moral aspects by Mrs. Cooke, now in its religious moods by Miss Phelps, now in its quiet domesticity by Miss Jewett, now in its youthful conditions by Miss Alcott. By all these writers it has been colored with a tinge, more or less strong, of sentimentality. Mrs. Stowe, Holmes, Higginson, Whittier, and others have each contributed elements which make the picture more complete. The commercial, literary, or social life of its cities has been preserved by Newell, Kimball, Bishop, and Fawcett, by Bayard Taylor, by Curtis and Howells. The holiday society of Newport is described by Hale, Higginson, and Lathrop; the political society of Washington in "Democracy" and "Through One Administration." A Harley Street of women doctors is painted by Miss Jewett, Phelps, and Howells. Negroes are represented in Cable's "Bras-Coupé," or in the "Uncle Remus" and "Mingo" of Joel Harris. Bret Harte is a Californian Dickens, and Western civilization in back-country districts is also drawn by Eggleston, and with greater intensity and reserved power by Howe in that strange product of a newspaper-office, "The Story of a Country Town." Spiritualists and Shakers have stood for their portraits; Mormons have been painted by Mrs. Paddock; the Communists of the Middle States are drawn in "Among the Chosen." Cable's exquisite miniatures and Miss Murfree's larger canvas hold up the mirror to Louisiana and Tennessee. Nothing like these minute and careful presentations of contemporary life and character existed before the war. Without attempting an exhaustive catalogue, the instances that are given clearly indicate the modern tendencies of American fiction.

The change of subject promised a new

growth of national fiction. The promise has been fulfilled. Both the impressionists of New England and the romance writers of the South combine in their effort to delineate contemporary life. Only European novelists, like James and Crawford, stand outside the movement. In artistic reticence and in completeness of finish the best writers of the New England school have few rivals. Their power is displayed in evading rather than constructing plots; in the reproduction, not the creation, of characters. Their gifts are still restricted to the presentation of episodes and incidents. Novelettes abound; novels are rare; romances almost non-existent. Within their own restricted range the New England writers have created a method of treatment which is distinctively American. Their realism is a patriotic effort to conquer depressing surroundings. It clings to contemporary and national life, instead of taking refuge in the *émigré* novel of James or Crawford, or presenting it through the veil of an exaggerated humor. Yet it is, in its very essence, an acknowledgment of defeat; it abandons the old ideas of fiction; its method constitutes a retrogression rather than an advance in art.

American realism is best represented in the works of Howells. His novels are too well known in this country to require detailed criticism. In his hands Americans seem to have lost the virility of the race. Flabby characters, painted in carefully subdued tints, actors in whom the author himself does not pretend to be interested, drift aimlessly, without faiths, hopes, passions, or aspirations, through stories which are never concluded, each turned out with the neatness, grace, and precision of an accomplished *modiste*. Howells writes on the assumption that all literature is written, that strong emotions are "played out," that the trivialities of life are worth preserving in the clear amber of a finished literary style, that the *niaiserie* of tea-table yawns deserve to be chronicled with the same minute fidelity as a daring deed of heroism. He has no story to tell. He does not deal in sentiment; he avoids catastrophes; he distrusts imagination; he dreads melodrama; he eschews theatrical effects; he shrinks from exaggeration. The result is a sum of negatives. He either possesses no romantic force, or has curbed it till the spirit is crushed. He reverses the legitimate basis of novels or romance. Other writers have endeavored to show the romance which underlies every-day realities.

Howells tries to prove that, though tragic events actually do occur, the world is a commonplace world after all. Every trace of personal sympathy is eliminated. The characters are diligently studied; but the examination of states of mind is overdone. His observation transcends the limits of analysis, for it discovers everything, and, if the ingredients are trivial, everything is too much. His observation is clinical rather than pictorial, and his figures, though life-like, scarcely seem to be alive. It may be questioned whether persons who are always intent upon the observation of peculiarities, the collection of foibles, the classification of varieties, do not lose the power of depicting characters. The universal motive forces of men and women are neglected. The realistic standpoint from which Howells writes is deadening; even the deft workmanship of the artist fails to galvanize it into vitality. His intellectual fastidiousness is so highly cultivated that he recoils from strong passions or large topics. His process of refining produces thinness even more than refinement. In spite of an apparent superficial refinement, the extreme delicacy runs perilously near to coarseness. It is of the exaggerated kind which shrank from speaking of the breast of a fowl, or clothed the legs of a piano in drawers. Trim and complete in form, clearly thought out in ideas and characters, his books are so bleak in atmosphere, so carefully lowered in tone, that his effects are produced by the effacement of the accessories, which, in themselves, are minutely elaborated. He seems to set before himself as his ideal the elimination of all substantiality and the substitution of manner for plot. No reason appears to exist why one group of ordinary persons or one sequence of trivial events should be selected more than another. Yet the selection once made, the skill with which the type is fixed is consummate. For English readers, he cannot fail to possess attractions, because of the details which he preserves of New-World society and the intensely American atmosphere with which his books are suffused. His chief charm lies in the artistic finish of his writings, the trenchant sayings, the brilliancy—often excessive, and therefore tiresome—of the epigrammatic conversations, and, above all, the quiet humor with which he works his puppets. It is this humorous touch which redeems the triviality of his subjects. It is this, also, which enables him to represent American life without disappearing in the quick-

sands of the vulgar and the commonplace. It is this which has enabled him to hold his own against the competition of journalistic literature.

In strong contrast to the pitilessly faithful photographs which Howells produces of an artificial, conventional, highly sophisticated society, stand the exquisite miniatures of old Creole life of Cable, the vivid pictures of wild, half-savage Californian diggers of Bret Harte, the powerfully drawn figures of uncouth inhabitants of Tennessee which Miss Murfree throws upon her broad canvas.

Against the bleakness of Howells's atmosphere stands out with more effect the rich warmth of Cable's coloring. It is the passage from the ice of the north to the glow of the sun-bathed south, the return to romance from bald, impersonal, unsympathetic realism. Cable pursues once more the old romantic track; but he follows it in the changed spirit of the later school of fiction. Absorbed in his subject, he yet approaches it as an artist who is permeated with a sense of the intrinsic value of good workmanship. His aim is not to express his own emotions, still less to shock the reader's nerves; his first object is to produce a vivid impression of the truth. To gain this effect he spares no labor in minute and careful detail. So unrheterical and so simple is the manner that the reader attributes to the material the magic of the author's enthusiasm. This is the legitimate triumph, the rich reward, of art. Hundreds had read of Creole life in 1803, and dismissed it with a glance as prosaic history. Cable possesses the vein of poetry and imaginative feeling that enables him to conjure up a picture so laden with the fragrance of the past as to communicate its meaning palpably to the senses. The facts are old; they acquire novelty from the genius of their treatment.

Cable transports us into a new, yet old, world; he has the charm of freshness. Less English than Aldrich or Howells, he does not bring his heroes or heroines into some great centre of modern society, some vortex of feverish activity, which is only a newer London. He deals with characters and social habits belonging to a bygone past; he paints Louisiana at the moment when it was sold by Napoleon to the United States, and when Creole noblemen, passionately attached to the country which repudiated them, awoke to find themselves American citizens; he uses with consummate skill the contrasts between the enterprising activities of mod-

ern America and the alien type of careless inertness which is presented in the Creole gentry. He has a story to tell, and he tells it exquisitely. In the hot, if slumbering, passions of Louisiana, in the patriarchal despotism of its broad-acred gentry, in the reciprocal confidences of its slave-owning system, in the sudden inroad of new ideas, men and methods, he has struck a mine of gold. Vivid, concise, definite, never negligent in his touch, always finished almost to excess, felicitous in expression, he unites the best qualities of the New England school with Southern characteristics, which are heightened rather than impaired by the artistic form of their exhibition. His method of intuitive portraiture is based on sympathy rather than on observation or experience. Yet it is deeper, more real, and hardly less direct, than the New England method. Himself a Southerner who fought in the Confederate ranks, imbued with the reverential feeling which, as distinguished from the North, still characterizes his countrymen, he is yet convinced of the justice of the abolitionist cause. His sympathetic pictures of prejudices which are, perhaps, as irremovable in the Creole as they are incomprehensible to the Yankee, and his incidental presentation of the intolerable condition of men, and especially women, of color, give to his works the dignity of an ethical purpose without depriving them of the natural charm of romance.

"The Grandissimes" is the most successful of his larger efforts. Agricola's supreme contentment with his own surroundings makes him cruel, by convincing him of the happiness of all around him. Even the death of Bras-Coupé does not shake his confidence. Averse to the effort of understanding circumstances, holding opinions which are stereotyped by traditional views upon slavery, he has built up a barrier in his mind against which rights vainly dash themselves to pieces. An invincible patriot, he is capable of noble enthusiasms, though he is without moral sense, at once brave and selfish, chivalrous and intriguing. Honoré Grandissime offers another distinct type of Creole character. Less vigorous than Agricola, a dilettante in politics, religion, philosophy, and morals, he holds vague ideas on the need for reform—ideas which are too shadowy to assume definite shape—and has no real desire to learn the truth. Only when face to face with difficulties which he cannot circumvent, does he act with a noble contempt for

prejudices. Other figures, such as Bras-Coupé, Aurora Nancanou, and Raoul, are finely conceived and powerfully painted portraits. Yet, in spite of the strong interest of the book, it is wanting in arrangement, unskilful in management of perspective, deficient in the highest gifts of constructive composition. Still more conspicuous are these deficiencies in "Dr. Sevier," which becomes both wearisome for its injudicious accumulation of detail, and confused owing to the wide range that it seeks to embrace. The same criticism holds good, in an even greater degree, of "Bonaventure," in which large constructive power is still more conspicuously lacking.

It is in his cabinet pictures, or miniatures, of Creole life that Cable is seen at his best. Here he displays to fullest advantage his gift of conveying distinct impressions with the fewest possible strokes. Here it is impossible to praise the quality of his work too highly. If there is a fault, it is that he abuses his marvellous talent for the transliteration of dialects. As works of art, the stories contained in "Old Creole Days" or "Madame Delphine" are perfect. Complete in themselves, firm and true in outline, they are worked up to an exquisite degree of finish. His figures are chosen from all ranks, manners and moulds—from "Madame Délicieuse" to "Ole Charlie"—and in them feudal fidelity, French grace, and Spanish dignity, offer piquant contrasts to the inroad of Yankee speculation. The background is skilfully adapted to the actors. It is New Orleans, with its sleepy, picturesque wharves, its half-deserted streets bearing aristocratic præ-Revolutionary names, its houses lying back from the road with tottering iron gates and windows closed by shutters, exclusive and dignified in their decay, like high-bred *émigrés* in darned court suits. Half close your eyes, and the delicious languor of a southern night steals over the senses; the fragrance of magnolias rises from the ill-kept luxuriant gardens; a vision flits by of a white-robed Creole beauty; a flash of glittering steel writhes in the shadows under the wall; in the distance snatches of some old French song are borne on the perfumed air from bands of gay, rollicking youths returning from the ball. Pure without prudery, Cable can describe the voluptuousness of a quadrone ball with fascinating brilliancy; yet he never nauseates us with that heavy scent of musk with which French writers would load the atmosphere. He handles

tou
sity
sus
best
dam
law
Cre
ican
whic
or c
Père
sacr
ecut
H
ticit
dium
fam
Hart
char
diffe
He i
tion
In th
free
first
embr
the r
the T
Br
Engl
he is
rare
lines
strom
touch
patho
choko
contr
mann
Dick
done
izes
ackno
them
turn u
their
device
when
inher
pressi
proper
stinct
their f
by re
Flash
in "T
all his
contin
of syn
pathos
charac
stinct f

touching incidents with a subdued intensity of feeling which avoids the faintest suspicion of sentimentality. Two of the best stories, "Tite-Poulette" and "Madame Delphine," turn on the iniquitous law which forbade quadroons to marry Creoles. For pathos, few scenes in American literature can compare with those in which Madame Delphine denies her child, or confesses her splendid falsehood to Père Jerome. Her superhuman, maternal sacrifice is finely conceived and nobly executed.

Howells, in his photographs of sophisticated society, contends against the tedium which is bred of conventionality or familiarity with the subject. Cable, Bret Harte, and Miss Murfree possess the charm of novelty. In other respects Cable differs from the two last-named writers. He is the painter of the bygone civilization of a grey-haired corner of the States. In the hands of Bret Harte or Miss Murfree fiction makes another departure. The first represents the rough camp life and embryo cities of California; the second the rude, uncouth, pastoral inhabitants of the Tennessee mountains.

Bret Harte needs no introduction to English readers. A Californian Dickens, he is a Dickens with a difference. His rare talent for compressing within a few lines the whole history of a heart; his strong, rapid, telling strokes in which no touch or word is superfluous; his deep pathos, intensified by repression and choked with a curse, present points of contrast rather than of similarity with the manner of his English master. What Dickens did for London roughs, he has done for Californian diggers. He idealizes their characters, and forces us to acknowledge our common humanity with them by making the crisis of their fate turn upon the noble traits which redeem their natures from total degradation. The device is at first singularly effective. But when it becomes a literary fashion, its inherent untruthfulness destroys the impression. In such characters vicious propensities preponderate over nobler instincts, and really determine the crises of their fate. Effective artifices degenerate by repetition into transparent tricks. Flashes of the power that was revealed in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" light up all his writings; but the gleam grows less continuous, more intermittent. Breadth of sympathy, artistic reticence alike in pathos, tragedy or comedy, intuition into character, sense of the picturesque, instinct for selection, are qualities which go

far to make greatness in fiction. These gifts belong to Bret Harte. So long as he retains them he cannot sink to mediocrity.

As Bret Harte depicts the rough life of the diggers, so Miss Murfree paints that of Tennessee mountaineers. But George Eliot, rather than the Californian Dickens, is her model. She uses a larger canvas and a broader point than any of her contemporaries. Animate and inanimate life is painted on a grander scale. Developing in detail her principal actors, or sketching in firm outline her minor characters, she fills her pictures with life, and throws figures and incidents into strong relief against impressive backgrounds of wild mountain scenery. Some obstacles must be overcome before her writings can be fully appreciated. The dialect in which her actors converse is singularly uncouth; one at least of her plots — "Where the Battle was Fought" — is needlessly complicated; her descriptive power is sometimes abused; her style, here and there, needs simplification. Those who conquer these initial difficulties are richly rewarded for the effort. The dialect, harsh though it is, is easily mastered. The plots of the "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," "In the Clouds," or "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," are simple; few strokes are wasted; almost all conduce to the final catastrophe. Miss Murfree's descriptions, though occasionally labored, are oftener admirable in their vivid word-painting. The style, as has been said, occasionally needs simplification; yet, taken as a whole, it is terse, vigorous, pointed, and teeming with crisp, racy phrases.

Miss Murfree began her literary career with the collection of short stories called "In the Tennessee Mountains." Her novelettes deserve high praise. But in this field she competes with formidable rivals. She has won her distinctive position in American fiction by more sustained efforts. The first of her longer stories is "Where the Battle was Fought." It is an impressive book for its promise as well as its performance. As a picture of the devastation which the Civil War left behind it, it is unique in its effectiveness. The grim plain, in winter grey and ghastly with tufts of pallid crab-grass, bared of trees, yet studded with unstubbled shivered boles, laden with vague earthworks which melt into the low-lying wintry clouds, forms the background of the story. The ghostly significance of the spot attunes the mind to the key in which the

book is cast. The shadow of its presence, the charm of Marcia, the humor and sympathy with which the rustics are treated, carry the reader lightly through the commonplace love-making, the legal complications of an involved plot, and reconcile him to improbable occurrences and conventional villains. They even compensate for Captain Estwicke's exclamation in the first chapter of the book. As he gazes at Fort Despair he cries, "I feel its meaning! Every weed that stirs in the wind is voiced with a terrible suggestion." Fortunately he never again allows his emotion to betray him into such unpardonable expressions. The captain's secret is well kept; it is divulged at exactly the right moment, and there is singularly dramatic appropriateness in the agency which impels the principal conspirator to reveal his imposture.

Yet the promise of "Where the Battle was Fought" is, on the whole, greater than the performance. Toole, the half-crazy ferryman, Graffy Beale the fugitive, and the urchin Pickie Tait, are the real creations which indicate the peculiar bent of the author's genius. The figure of Marcia suggests that the same pen may draw other portraits as feminine and as charming. The effectiveness of the catastrophe augurs that other plots will be well sustained. The impressive picture of the battlefield promises that other backgrounds will be at once effective and harmonious. And this promise Miss Murfree abundantly fulfils in her later novels. Her style grows simpler, yet nearly every sentence is charged with condensed meaning. In rustic life she has found her special sphere. From it she rarely wanders. Blacksmiths, police-constables, and herdsmen are her heroes; their wives and daughters are her heroines. Her intuitive knowledge of the rustic character and habits of thought is at once acute and sympathetic. The conviction grows till it becomes irresistible that the natives of Tennessee live, think, talk, and act in real life precisely as they do in Miss Murfree's novels. George Eliot is at once her rival and her model. Miss Murfree possesses the same power of keen incisive dialogue which suggests without effort the character of the speaker. Mrs. Strobe is a second Mrs. Poyser or Dolly Winthrop. Her shrewd, caustic remarks are worthy of her illustrious prototypes. If we once began to quote her sayings, we should not readily cease. Her children are admirable; each as distinct in its individuality as the older actors. Jacob, 'Gustus Tom,

and Isabel, are universal children, and get racy of the soil. Bob is a twin brother of Eppy. Her Marcellys, Dorindas, and Aletheas are attractive types of rustic girlhood. The former is the one heroine who ever proposed to her lover and only became more charming and maidenly by so doing. Alethea is a second Dinah Morris, but more winning and more earthly. Both women were better than their creeds. But Alethea is not a preacher, and, though Dinah's affection for Hetty withstood her sister's fall, she never could have loved the graceless, fascinating scamp, "Mink by name and Mink by nature." Nor is Miss Murfree's power confined to the creation of heroines. Her heroes are equally attractive in their way. Teck Jepson, for instance, is a relative of Balfour of Burleigh. He has his biblical phraseology, his spiritual pride, his conviction that he is a chosen vessel. But superadded to these he has a tenderness to childhood and to weakness in which the stern Covenanters was lamentably deficient. In their plots Miss Murfree's stories are well sustained to the last. In this respect "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" is, perhaps, the best. Both in "In the Clouds" and "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" there is a protraction of the penultimate scenes which postpones the catastrophe at the expense of the interest. Finally, the descriptions are, as they were in "Where the Battle was Fought," integral portions of the novels. In places her facile pen may still run away with her. But the noteworthy point is that her people are the people of the district she describes. Story and landscape go together. The description serves a literary purpose; it expresses the fitting sentiment; it develops the appropriate passion. The scenery is essential to the comprehension of the gloom of the religion, the sternness of the life, the uncouthness of the dialect, the harshness of the character. It is only in the graceful forms of girlhood or in the innocence of childhood that the tenderer affections of humanity are preserved and transmitted.

A hasty glance at so extensive a field as American fiction is inevitably liable to two defects at least. Much is omitted that ought to have been said. No reference, for instance, has been made to the newer school of "humorists" which is represented by Stockton; nothing is said of the recent reaction against unromantic realism which has resulted in the revival of blood-curdling horror. To faults of

on
sic
to
ing
as
rom
ma
wr
Sc
Ne
In
ma
end
pas
Wh
add
men
Ger
seen
It i
imp
can

IT
rema
For
ever
erall
cum
they
my r
curre
At
young
goose
in the
of the
fortre
blue w
withi
of nor
To
begin
chief
Ral
an od
Malta
was u
of "J
wheth
His ow
Indian
son), a
got hi
cavalry
manag
sons be

omission must be added faults of commission. In a limited space it is impossible to balance criticism, or to avoid dogmatizing on questions of taste. America has as yet produced only one great writer of romance, and no great novelist. Yet she may be legitimately proud of her living writers of fiction. She has no Walter Scott, no Thackeray, no George Eliot. Neither, it may be added, has England. In short stories American writers are our masters. They are deficient, as we have endeavored to show, in creative power, passion, depth, richness of imagination. Whether these high qualities will be added to the mental and physical equipment of the north through admixture with German or southern blood remains to be seen. But of one thing we feel assured. It is not by the New England school of impersonal realists that the great American novel can ever be written.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHROUDED WATCHER.

IT is many years since the following remarkable incident in my life took place. For the ordinary commonplace details of every-day experience my memory is generally held to be indifferent, but the circumstances in this case were such that they have indelibly fixed themselves in my recollection, as though they had occurred yesterday.

At the time I allude to I was a very raw young ensign, scarcely done with the goose-step. My regiment was quartered in the — Barracks, situated in a suburb of the capital of that well-known island fortress which stands warden over the blue waters of the Mediterranean highway, within sight of Sicilian Etna, and almost of northern Africa.

To make my narrative clearer, I will begin by presenting to the reader the chief character in it.

Ralph D— was a young fellow with an odd history. What brought him to Malta none of us ever exactly knew. He was understood to have been in one of "John Company's" regiments, but whether horse or foot I cannot remember. His own account was that he had left the Indian service (for some unexplained reason), and having found his way to Vienna, got himself into a regiment of Austrian cavalry, as not a few ex-British officers managed at that time to do. But, for reasons best known to himself and the author-

ities, his stay in the Kaiser's service was not of long duration, and when I joined my regiment in the island principality sacred to San Publio, D— was a well-known character among the English residents and garrison. Not that the notoriety was altogether conducive to his fair fame; but D— had a singular way of worming himself into the good graces of a particular set, and passed for a gentleman of affable manners, much wit, and especially a certain bold *diablerie* that stuck at nothing, and gave him a kind of popularity among the more daring spirits in society. How well I can call up his appearance! Dark brilliant eyes and black hair; a tall, lithe figure, with a very peculiar but really bewitching smile on occasions when it suited him to please; and a beautifully shaped contour of head and profile. He was known to be of good family, and as he had been in the service, my regiment had made him an honorary member of our mess; and I rather think another corps in garrison had given him the same *entrée* into theirs. At all events, he was on pretty good terms with some of our fellows, though our colonel and one or two of the older officers certainly did not encourage him much, as his example was not considered beneficial to the juniors.

D— was a wonderful billiard-player. I never saw any one to beat him at "losing hazards" or the "spot stroke." As to pool, our "lives" were as nothing in his hands; and at all card games in particular, both the skill and the luck of the man were extraordinary. Night after night I have seen him at play, and his winnings must have almost sufficed to maintain him. As to other traits in his character, I am sorry to say I never heard of one single good or generous sentiment that could be traced to him. D—'s talk at the mess-table or in the ante-room was of the most cynical flavor it was ever my lot to hear; and though "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is an excellent and decent moral to abide by, truth compels me to add that some very sinister tales of D—'s influence over the other sex had got about at the time I speak of. What has now come to be dignified with the name of hypnotism was unknown as such in those days, but I believe D— possessed some conspicuous powers in this direction, and I am afraid was not always over-scrupulous in his use of them. Even at this distance of time his portrait stands out clear to my mind's eye, with a kind of Rembrandt-like sheen upon it, by reason of the mysterious shadow in the background which was to

loom up and cover it with the blackness of darkness. I ought perhaps to add, for the better understanding of what is to follow, that for a little while before the *déroulement* came, some ominous whisperings got afloat among us about D—, and the methods whereby so much silver and gold was perpetually being transferred at whist and *carté* from other people's pockets to his own. For in my long experience of those holding her gracious Majesty's commission, notwithstanding a black sheep here and there, it is not to be denied that scrupulous honor and fair dealing have ever been in the forefront of their traditions.

I now come to the memorable day of the occurrence of the strange incident, to one phase of which I and others — most of them gone now — were eye-witnesses.

There may be many who scan these pages who have trod the narrow streets, quaintly built and gaily colored, of Valetta, and can recapture their arabesque-Italian character, the old-world environment, the massive and rather formal friezes and enablatures of the basilicas and other buildings. The funereal-looking *faldetta* of the women; the men pouring in to market from the neighboring *casals*, clad in blue homespun and long, purse-shaped caps; the combined odors of oranges, garlic, oil, and roasting coffee emanating from the shop doors; the long bastioned lines of fortifications, with wide, deep fosses; the red-coated sentries at the port archways; the splendid *auberges* of the old knights, — what an odd jumble of impressions they all convey!

The season was Holy Week towards the end of April, 18—. Music has always been a passion with me; and every afternoon preceding Good Friday in that particular week, when I could get off duty from the dust and glare of the white parade-ground and the monotonous bawling of the drill-sergeant, it was my wont to steal away to the Duomo of San Giovanni. And who that has ever sat in that stately cathedral church, surrounded by its splendor of inlaid marble and under the magnificent frescoes of Matteo Preti,* and in the dimly lighted atmosphere, odorous with incense, listened to the entrancing strains of the office of the "Tenebræ," could ever forget it? Such exquisite pathos in the solos, inexpressibly mournful yet sweet, and then the moaning harmonies of the antiphonal choruses —

like no other music I ever heard, or probably shall ever hear again,* — while one by one, at intervals, the great burning candles on the sable-draped altar are being solemnly extinguished! My thoughts will wander back to these impressions, so vivid are they still. Well, the eve of Good Friday arrived. I had gone over to see a friend on the Verdala side of the Grand Harbor, and on my return after dark, what a night it was — still, calm, cloudless, a star-specked vault overhead. The air was deliciously soft; and as I sat in the stern of the gondola-shaped galley while the dark figure of the boatman monotonously and silently plied his long sweeps, great grey ramparts frowned on every side, and lights twinkled, flashing back in wavering duplicates from the faintly rippling water. I was soon alongside the low jetty on the Valetta side, and, ascending the great flight of steep stone steps, presently found myself in the Strada Reale. Here it was no easy matter threading one's way, for the procession of the "Stazione," representing the main incidents of the "Passion," was passing up the street. At all times this pageant, which some no doubt would revile as superstitious and papistical, has seemed to me full of solemnity, notwithstanding that the symbolic figures used are often somewhat tawdry, and savoring too much of stage properties. In the intense silence maintained by the multitude of spectators, as each scenic group passes by; in the deep reverence exhibited, as the wail of the dirge-like music swells louder and louder, heralding the approach of the grand central tableau, the crucifixion; in the sacred form upraised on a colossal cross, towering high above you, flanked by the two malefactors on lesser crosses; in the sudden baring of all heads, as the shrouded platform-bearers with masked faces go by, laboring under their self-imposed burden, — in all this one feels the great cardinal truth borne in upon one, despite all the concomitant flummery and gewgaws and evanescent emotion of the scene.

Such as it was on this particular Holy Thursday night, there were after-reasons why this strange and weird Passion-procession, as it crept by, stamped itself deep into my memory. And those waxen effigies of the agony in the garden, the cruel scourging, the staggering under the weight

* Another of the treasures of this church is the celebrated picture by Caravaggio, "The Decapitation of the Baptist."

* The score of this "Tenebræ" music was said, if I remember aright, to be the work of an ancient master, and was never allowed to get into the hands of the public.

of the ponderous tree, and last of all, the realistic presentment of intense anguish in the outstretched figure, with drooped head and its circlet of thorns, — somehow that night they seemed to take possession of me, as I passed up the long, narrow street out of the hearing of the wild music, and reached the great stone gateway of our barrack square.

The echo of the sentry's sharp challenge, "Halt! who comes there?" and, "Pass, friend — all's well," had hardly died down when I found myself at the door of my quarters, which faced the officers' mess block. By this time the Paschal moon, all but full, was high in the sky, and cast a great shadow from the tall buildings facing the range of barracks across the parade. Though on this night superfluous, a feeble oil-lamp flickered here and there, for gas was a luxury not then indulged in, and the department which was charged with these things loved darkness better than light, because it cost less. I should here explain that Thursdays were the "guest" nights of my regiment at that time, and on this evening the regimental band had as usual been playing on the open space just outside, fronting the mess-room windows. It must have been past eleven o'clock when I reached barracks; and although most of the outsiders who were allowed in to hear the music on such occasions were gone, I noticed two or three still waiting about. One in particular, a remarkably tall man in a long, dark cloak, and with some sort of hood over his head like a monk's cowl, was standing under one of the mess windows with his back to me. I sauntered into my room, lit a cigar, and came out again, to muse in the quiet moonlight over the "Tenebræ" and the "Stazione." By this time the loiterers were all gone except the tall, cloaked man, who appeared to have never moved or changed his position since I saw him first. The open windows of the mess-room were still aglow, and through the boughs of a row of lank, stunted trees along the enclosure wall one could see the distant twinkling lights of the town.

Something in the appearance of this solitary shrouded figure attracted and fixed my attention. To be so attired in a warm, balmy night like this, in a semi-tropical climate, seemed peculiar. And I had already been struck with his phenomenal stature, contrasted with those who had been standing beside him. Who could the man be, and what on earth was he waiting there for? It crossed my

mind that this must be either one of the dominoed *incogniti* who had been following in the Passion procession, or else one of the Capuchins from a neighboring monastery; but a friar would hardly stroll in to listen to a military band, and then stand stock-still alone under the windows of the officers' mess. With the momentary passing thought came the sound of pretty loud talking, and occasionally a laugh, from the lit-up ante-room opposite, where it was plain some of our fellows must be, probably engaged at whist, loo, or some other card game. Why I cannot tell, but along with a feeling of indefinable repulsion towards him, an impulse seized me to watch the muffled stranger closely, and at the same time an awakening consciousness that I had better walk straight over and ask the man what he wanted there at that time of night. As my gaze fastened itself on the motionless figure, whose head seemed in the bright moonlight to be bent a little to one side in an intent, listening attitude, I became conscious of a kind of chill and numbness creeping through my limbs, with that horrible sense of inability to move forward one occasionally experiences in dreams when something dreadful is going to happen which one wants to avert. Yes, whoever the man was, most assuredly he must be watching and waiting and listening for something or somebody in the mess-room, with that strained intentness yet absolute quiescence of posture! But why this vehement and altogether unaccountable foreboding of impending evil borne in upon me?

These bethinkings, however, were all the work of a few seconds, when, with eyes still riveted on the mysterious watcher, I heard several voices within the room calling out in excited tones as though some altercation were going on. One voice above all the others came with a kind of strident sharpness through the open window, in which it was easy to recognize D——'s hard and distinct accents. I seem to hear the words rasping out now as I write. "I tell you I dealt myself the ace of spades;" then another voice, young N——'s, "I'll take my oath you didn't," and then a terrible imprecation from D——, which I will not repeat, invoking the Prince of Darkness to the ruin of his soul and body if what he had stated was not the truth.

As the last words struck on my ear the tall, cloaked figure made an instantaneous movement, leaped up with a light, swift spring to the window-sill he was standing

under, and disappeared through the muslin curtains into the room, for I was unable to see farther into it from my position. Another instant, and an ear-piercing scream rang out, — a harsh, appalling cry as of mingled pain, rage, and terror, from one in dire extremity — and to my horror and utter amazement, he in the cloak reappeared at the window with D—— gripped in his arms, and half slung over one shoulder, apparently struggling desperately. One instant both faces were visible in the moonlight, D——'s ghastly and convulsed, the other set back in its sombre hood and covered with a black domino, from the eyelets of which I was near enough to catch, as I fancied, a lightning-flash of fiendish malignancy and exultation. Ere I could collect my bewildered senses sufficiently to rush across to stop them, which I did a moment later, both men had vanished round an angle of the building. After them I rushed, shouting to the gate-sentry to alarm the guard, but on reaching the rear of the block not a soul was in sight. Out turned the guard, and telling the sergeant to take a file and search the enclosure for two men fighting, I ran round to the mess-room. Meanwhile, and before I could reach the entrance door to the mess, the bell inside was ringing out peal after peal, and an officer came tearing out full tilt, nearly knocking me down. "What is it?" I burst out. "Where's C——" (our regimental doctor); "is he in his quarters?" was the simultaneous counter-question, and away he rushed towards the quarter where Dr. C—— was located. I ran into the ante-room, along with one or two of the mess-waiters, helter-skelter. And what a sight inside! There, huddled in a group, with pale, scared faces, a whistle-table overturned, and a litter of cards strewn all over the floor, were some half-dozen of my comrades of the —th, stooping over the prostrate form of D——, who lay motionless, with lips apart, eyeballs fixed and staring, his head lying back, supported by one of our fellows. It was a terrible moment. The surgeon, C——, came in a minute after, tore open D——'s waistcoat and shirt, looked hard at him, knelt down and put his ear to the drawn mouth, felt about the region of the heart, and shook his head. Life was extinct.

As for myself, I could hardly believe my senses. The man I had just seen bodily carried off struggling in the arms of an unknown individual, lying here dead — it seemed an absolute hallucination! I was too taken aback to ask a

single question; but as my inquiring eyes went round the circle of assembled officers, I could see on the countenances of all a certain constraint mingled with their horror, but not a syllable was said. It was plain there was a further mystery behind.

The remains of the ill-fated D—— were removed to a spare room in the officers' quarters, and there laid out to await official proceedings on the morrow.

It was not till after the funeral that I learned what had caused the uproar and altercation in the mess-room, which immediately preceded the terribly sudden catastrophe of that memorable night. And even at this distance of time, I tell the circumstances with pain and reluctance. D—— had dined with the regiment, and after the band had finished playing, he and some half-dozen subalterns sat down to play *vingt-et-un*. The stakes were high, and it was remarked that D—— turned up a remarkable number of "naturals." N——, a not long-joined ensign, had been dealt an ace of spades, and "stood." At the conclusion of the round, D——, who was dealing, again showed a "natural," the ace of which proved to be the ace of spades. This, of course, was too much for young N——, green as he was; and though the tricks of the "heathen Chinee" had not then been sung, the case was manifestly something of the same kind as that worthy's performance. Hence the indignant remonstrance wafted out to my ears in the barrack square, followed by that awful oath. Whereupon, according to some of the party, a momentary gust of air seemed to shake the farther window-sash, and simultaneously the card-table was stirred — it was, they said, like the tremor of a slight earthquake shock — and straightway D—— threw his hands up and fell back in his chair, gurgling like one in a fit. The rest I have told, and I will say no more upon this. Which of us is prepared to cast a stone at an erring brother, leastwise when he is gone!

Needless to say, the officers of her Majesty's —th were for long thereafter uncommonly chary of conferring upon outsiders the privilege of honorary membership of their mess. And for many a year the tragic circumstances I have set down, with perhaps somewhat imperfect recollection of minor details, lingered on in the regiment as a kind of tradition, to be talked over on occasions, and amplified in various ways. But as for S—— (of whom more presently) and myself, we kept our impressions as far as possible to our-

selves, though something about them necessarily leaked out through the guard and sentry I had hailed, and from my original statements concerning the twain I believed I had seen so palpably in the moonlight.

I have never been able to clear up the mystery of this dread tragedy. When the formal inquiry by the military and civil authorities came on, it was elicited from the non-commissioned officer of the night-guard that no person of the description I gave had been seen to enter or leave the barrack precincts. The certified cause of the death was stated to be aneurism, spasm, or something of the heart — what I suppose we should call in common parlance, heart-disease. The affair was rather hushed up, in deference to the feelings of D——'s relatives, one of whom came out to the island shortly afterwards to make inquiries, and settle up the affairs of the deceased.

Those who have read thus far may not unnaturally have explained to themselves what I witnessed in the square as pure imagination, a phantasm of my own brain. And this view I should probably myself have inclined to, but for one circumstance, which I have now to mention. In the room above mine, and looking out on the square towards the mess-house, was quartered a very dear fellow, rather a favorite with us, although hardly robust enough for the roughing of a soldier's life. Now it happened on this very Thursday evening S——, who had been ailing for some time back of Malta fever, was lying on a couch in his room by the open window — the night being so warm — and listening to the band. He was still there when I came into barracks, and when I was arrested by the sight of the tall, solitary figure opposite. When, several days after the sad event, I touched on the subject, S—— broke in with a very troubled face, and in a serious, urgent voice asked, "Did you see the man in the long cloak waiting for him?" Then I knew that whatever extra vision had been vouchsafed to me had been shared by him. Ah me! "pale death knocks with equal step," sooner or later, at the door of us all, and S——, with nearly every other of my then comrades, has departed to that bourn where "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom!"

As for me, were I to live to the patriarchal age of the oldest of the antediluvians, it would be impossible to obliterate the impressions forced successively upon

me on that especially solemn but fatal Thursday. The cathedral service, the torchlight procession — and then, in terrible contrast, near about midnight, on the very threshold of a day most sad and sacred of all days to Christendom, the culminating horror of that shrouded one and his victim!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RANDOM ROAMING.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

ENJOYING the happy privilege of living where the air is of the purest and the water of the best, I am in the habit of deriding those who assume that it is one of the necessities of life that a man should have an annual "change." Our fathers were not restless peripatetics, yet they were wise in their generation — wise and virtuous; they lived their lives in a dogged, robust, and useful manner; they did not live in vain; they did not pretend that they were subject to periodical attacks of lassitude; they did not pose as overstrained workers; they did not lackadaisically sigh for rest. We are of different stuff. We pretend, one and all, that we need change of scene and holidays. It is the fashion of the time and no more. Confess that it is a mere fashion, and I am prepared to grant that it is a pleasant fashion; but ask me to allow that going to the end of the earth is positively required by the average Briton because the average Briton is an overworked animal, and I protest against the hypocrisy of such an assumption, and obstinately assert that I, for one, am not overworked, and decline to move until you withdraw your plea of necessity, which I hold to be untenable and insincere.

And yet I confess I love seeing strange places, and visiting half-forgotten places that have always something new to teach, and I know too well how *borné* any one becomes who never stirs from home. Only don't talk to me of the advantage of "change of air," for to such as we, any change of air is a change for the worse.

OUR PLANS.

WE had been reading Professor Burrows's charming book about the Cinque Ports, and a hankering came upon me to go and see the old towns with my own eyes. So we made a beautiful plan, and we mapped it out day by day, and we had it all set down in black and white, and we were going to spend nineteen days in

researches of the most interesting and instructive kind. Canterbury was to be our base, and all the coast from Reculver to Beachy Head our land of pilgrimage. What were we not going to do and to see! Let it be confessed at once that our plans came to nothing; we did not even get to Dover, and we did not see Dungeness.

Alack! How beautiful plans do fade into nothingness! Something happens — and something happened with us. I have the great happiness of knowing two large-hearted brethren. Twins they are and never parted — great-hearted brethren, and broad-browed, strong and clear of brain, right manly and gentle and generous, and of widest sympathies, and their names are Walt and Vult. Perhaps you have read of two such brethren in Jean Paul's perplexing story. I am afraid young men do not read Richter now. Young men now are not in the mood for anything sentimental — they "like incident," so they tell me, and they "never heard of Walt and Vult." Richter's pair of brothers are dead, and have been dead for some two generations at least. But the brothers Walt and Vult who are my dear friends, are alive now; and long may they live to make the world better and happier by their influence.

BRIGHTON.

ONE morning, just as we were preparing to carry out that carefully considered plan of ours, came a letter from Walt and Vult, saying peremptorily: "We desire to see you, friend. Redeem your promise and let us know the Lady Shepherd [these are their very words], and we will show you something of Sussex." It is pitiful to think of such weakness as we exhibited; but it seemed that some occult force was acting on us, a wilfulness stronger than our own wills prevailed, and actually next morning — yes, within twenty-four hours — we had thrown up all our plans and had started off without helm or compass, surrendering ourselves to the brothers Walt and Vult. When the train stopped, lo! we were at about the most prosaic town in the island of Great Britain; and the name of that town is Brighton. Until some ten years ago I had a bigoted aversion to the very name of Brighton — nay, a rancorous and vindictive hatred of the place. At four years old I had the measles — blame me not, ye critics! I had no option in the matter — I took the measles, or, rather, the measles took me; and being weakened by the malady, I was sent down to Brighton with my nurse — a very wicked

woman — who had strict orders to give me baths in the sea. There was a wickedest woman than she, and that last woman derided me again and again, and resolutely plunged me in the brine. Dr. Johnson once observed that he never wished to meet a fool in heaven. What would he have said to meeting a bathing-woman in the Islands of the Blest?

The recollection of that sea-bathing gave me a fierce repugnance to Brighton for well-nigh forty years, until one day accident took me there, and I found the place better than I had expected — I had no longer any dread of meeting that bathing-woman on the shore. Now, as I grasped the hands of Walt and Vult, I felt that no great harm could come to me; I acquiesced in the situation, and was almost glad. Having arrived at Brighton, it remained to make the best of our opportunities. We realized at once that we had begun our holiday.

Wise men take a holiday with two ends in view, just as they take their meat and drink — and those ends are pleasure and profit. For myself, my notion of holiday-making is the getting of a maximum of new information and new impressions at the cost of a minimum of discomfort and fatigue. That means, that when I set out on a ramble I take it as easily as I can, and I keep my eyes and my ears open. It is all very well for young men to set out like Tartarin, bent on staggering across the crevasses and floundering over the snow. We middle-aged folk have got beyond that.

stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

did not find his soul satisfied with staring; he saw an old world behind him and a new world before. I know not how it is, but some of us in this age find ourselves possessed by an insatiable yearning not to speculate upon the future, but to get into touch with the past. Brighton has no past worth mentioning, yet it has something to boast of which the casual visitor rarely hears of, rarely visits. It has in its museum perhaps the most complete, and certainly the most exquisite collection of chalk fossils in the world, and also, a unique collection of pottery and porcelain. Both one and the other were made by the brothers Walt and Vult, or rather by brother Vult — the other brother not objecting. That unique collection of pottery was "made to illustrate the prin-

ciple, or rather in development of the notion, that the history of a country may be traced in its homely pottery." I will not presume to describe it; but this I do venture to assert, that he who goes to Brighton without spending an hour or two in looking at those mugs and plates, and cups and saucers, and chimney ornaments, and pondering upon their significance, is not a man to be envied — in fact he is a man to be pitied, as all men are who, having a good chance of learning a new lesson, throw that chance away. But if there is not much to see at Brighton, there is a great deal to see *from* Brighton, and for a week or so Brighton was our *base*. And what a joyous *base* it was! The talk was a perpetual feast after a day's expedition — Walt and Vult cutting in and in with noble entanglements, sometimes the whimsical brother taking the lead, sometimes the deep voice of the other vibrating with emotion, rising with enthusiasm, loud with indignation at some mention of treachery or wrong. And there was prattle of children too, such sweet prattle, and so clearly articulate withal. And there was so much to look at — such hoards of wonders in every corner, and such stories to tell! The treasures of that house are not guarded by grim lions suggesting terror and laceration, but by sculptured dogs, emblems of faithful love and nobleness.

LEWES.

"CINQUE PORTS?" said brother Vult. "We will go to Newhaven to-morrow; Newhaven supplanted one of the Cinque Ports." Not quite that; but one of the *members* of the Cinque Ports. Seaford sent two representatives to Parliament in 1300, and for centuries had contributed its quota of ships to the royal navy; but before the sixteenth century had come to an end, the river Ouse, which in its exit to the sea had made Seaford harbor, was forced by the movement of the shingle to find for itself another channel, and a new port arose which assumed the name of Newhaven, where the traffic to Dieppe now goes on with ever-increasing briskness. That there could be anything at Newhaven which was worth going to see was new to me. But where in this England of ours can you find a place that is not worth a visit, or that has not something to make a man find out how very ignorant he is, and help him to go home the better for his day's journey? We had to stop at Lewes on the way. Lewes is a place of renown, but its glory is departed.

Here William de Warenne, the great Conqueror's doughty brother-in-arms and first Earl of Surrey, kept his state after his fashion, and here, it seems, he lies buried. Of the castle I forbear to speak. As to the glorious priory which the great earl and Gundrada his wife founded here to the glory of God and for the furtherance of devotion and the contemplative life — the greater portion of it lies buried under the railroad; only fragments remain. The range of conventual buildings presented a frontage of about four hundred feet, the church was twenty-five feet longer than Chichester Cathedral, ninety feet longer than the Conqueror's church which he built for his Abbey of Battle, and exactly the same length from end to end as Lichfield Cathedral. The foundation of this priory was an event in English history, and the story is worth the reading. Read it, if you can, in Mr. Hope's paper in the "Journal of the Archæological Institute," and there you will find all that is ever likely to be known about the fortunes of the house, its origin, its rise, its growth, and its fall. It was the first house of the Cluniac order set up in England. About these Cluniacs there is much to tell, but who will tell it to us? rather, perhaps, it may be asked, who will listen if one should try to tell it? But when your guide-book informs you that this house at Lewes continued to be the only Cluniac priory in England for the next hundred and fifty years after its foundation, do as I did to that ruddy but unblushing volume, and put a big note of admiration in the margin. Opposite the castle, on the other side of the railway, there stands a mound, clearly artificial; and the tradition goes that the monks of Lewes erected on the top of it a cross, and at certain seasons went in procession by an encircling path up to the top, and that there were stations here and there where special prayers were offered. I thought of that frightful mound in the city of Mexico and the bloody rites that were carried on there, and I thought of some other parallels; and then of the old Winchester practice of "keeping hills" only abolished the other day, and I asked myself, can it be that here we have the site of some pre-historic *cultus*, and that here, ages ago, the conquering cross was planted upon

that opprobrious hill

Where, for the noise of drums and timbrels
loud,

The children cried unheard that passed
through fire

To that grim idol?

NEWHAVEN.

BUT Lewes was only on the way; we were bound for Newhaven. Despire not Newhaven, my brethren. It may yet have a future—it certainly has a past. Despire nothing: *le mépris est le masque où s'abrite la nullité*, and very few of us can be "splendidly null." Said brother Vult, "You must go and see the church." Said brother Walt, "We cannot bear you company; we cannot away with Philistines, clerical or other—you must go alone." In some perplexity I obeyed. That church is worth a visit—emphatically worth it, for the wondrous little Norman apse and the beauty of its situation, and for something more. There is a tombstone there, and on it an epitaph. It is in memory of an old parishioner who was, it seems, of a jovial turn, and of whom it is recorded that *he knew his Hudibras by heart*. Distinctly Christian in its tone that epitaph can hardly be said to be; yet its concluding line is not without a lesson worth remembering, for it says of the dead to the living—

Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.*

When I got back to my friends, brother Walt looked gravely at me; then it all came out. That clerical Philistine had actually attempted to remove that tombstone and utterly abolish it, merely because it did not express his views. The brethren Walt and Vult said no, and they stopped that Philistine.

See where we are, and what we are coming to! That any man who is a tenant-for-life of his benefice should have the power—of course he has not the right, but that doesn't matter—to cart away any monument, inside or outside "his" church, on which there may be expressions at variance with his *views*—is that to be tolerated? Yes, it *is* tolerated, and it is done on the sly every year. Think of what might happen any day, if some wild-

* In view of the many perils that threaten the monuments of the dead, I think it prudent to print this dreadful inscription. Here it is:—

To the Memory of THOMAS TIPPER, who departed this life May the 14th, 1785, aged 54 years.

Reader, with kind regret the grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt, and kind,
And dared to do what few dare—speak his mind.
Philosophy and history well he knew,
Was versed in physic and in surgery too.
The best old Slingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to gain his gold.
He played through life a varied comic part
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.
Reader, in real truth such was the man,
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.

eyed fanatic should take it into his head to sweep away every monument in brass or marble or alabaster, on which he found the horrid legend, *Cujus anima propicietur deus*; or that other legend, *Orate pro anima x or y*. When will a voice be lifted up against this shame—a voice that can make itself heard?

That night I forgot all about the Cinque Ports, I dreamt only of wicked tombstones; and visions rose of an infinite procession of monuments passing in long array from world to world, reaching beyond the realms of this solar system of ours, and I could not read the writing upon them; and a whisper came to me which said: "Is not our little, our very little planet full of sepulchres, whose story such as thou art trying to read, and trying all in vain?"

BRAMBER.

THERE were five great castles in Sussex—to wit, Arundel, Bramber, Knapp, Hastings, and Lewes, and to these we must add Chichester—of which anon. "Tomorrow," said the brethren, "we will go to Bramber." Thither we went. People go up the Rhine and chatter about the castles on the river banks. They are toys to our Sussex castles. Every one of those five I have named was the home of an English chieftain for *centuries* before the mound on which it stood was crested with a wall of masonry or crowned with a keep after the Norman pattern. What we now call Bramber Castle is only the ruined keep of the great fortress which was constructed to guard the pass, four miles long by half a mile wide, through which the Adur makes its way to the sea at Shoreham. The platform rose one hundred and twenty feet above the river, and was scarped down the sides so as to form a rounded area five hundred and sixty feet north and south by two hundred and eighty feet east and west. The ditch at the counterscarp level was one hundred feet broad. Before the invention of gunpowder the place must have been practically impregnable by assault. Who threw up this mighty earthwork? Who and when? The Normans found it where it is. It was a *castle* when William landed, and Earl Guerd was its lord in the Confessor's time. There are, however, no signs of the Romans having meddled with it or cared for it, though the raised causeway that crosses the valley, formerly flooded by the sea, marks the course of a Roman road. It is probable that the stronghold at Bram-

ber was the work of the English, as Professor Freeman tells us we must call those people who came swarming into this island when the Romans could hold it no longer. The Normans soon occupied the place, and William de Braose received it among his other possessions and built there the great keep with its huge walls of masonry nine feet thick, of which but a fragment remains. In 1644 Captain Temple stood a siege there, fighting for the king. When the parliamentary forces got possession of it they blew up the place with gunpowder and left it as we see it now.

I have noticed that when a man of average intelligence once begins to yield to the fascination of ancient castles and earthworks, it is all over with him. I do verily believe that every stupendous earthwork in Dorsetshire, and every barrow in Wiltshire, and every great castle in Sussex, is haunted, haunted with myriads of pixies, and syrens, and gnomes, the ghosts of the men who raised those wonders. The unwary creature of flesh and blood goes among these tricky spirits at his peril. He is like Endymion, enamored of the moon. Cynthia shone upon Endymion with a gleam of promise, but she was so very far away. Oh! how he yearned to know her better!

The dark ages of England begin, say, with the coming of Augustine. They stretch back, who shall say how far? into an illimitable past, ages before the time when Abraham migrated from Ur of the Chaldees. More light has been thrown upon these ages than is usually believed. Great men have lived—are living—among us who have here and there lifted the veil; men of genius, gifted with something more than “scientific imagination”—men who know how to pursue research and how to teach. We, the small men, feel we are no more than fumblerers, but a delicious intoxication seizes us when we stand on the haunted and enchanted ground; the gnomes come round us, and a wild passion for fumbling takes possession of us—we cry with Ajax, foiled and darkened:—

ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὗαδεν οὕτως.

I confess that the sight of Bramber drove me mad. Arundel I knew—Lewes had quickened my pulse—a complication of Roman fever and castle mania with kindred disasters had clutched me. Nothing was to be done but confess myself very ill and make the best of it.

THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

NEXT day we found ourselves at the Devil's Dyke—apparently one of those enormous works which the Britons (not English this time, if you please) began to construct before the Christian era, but, for some reason or other, never finished. Below them stretched the vast forest of Anderida, north and west and east; behind them were their homes. They had an eye for coignes of vantage; they knew how to turn to account the physical features which were favorable for defence; the organization of labor among them had been brought to astonishing perfection; but this island of ours was divided into a number of petty kingdoms, and Rome was one.

What room for speculation and surmising as one stands on that plateau; as one looks down into that tremendous fissure made by the action of water issuing from the chalk; as one thinks of that strip of coast, say only from Dorchester to Dover, swarming with rich and busy towns “made ready for the spoil,” while yonder over at Boulogne—even then called Portus Britannicus—there was assembling that immense invading host, at least fifty thousand strong, which was soon to cross the Channel; this time not to be beaten back, as had happened nearly a century before.

CHICHESTER.

“ARE there any remains of the castle of Chichester?” I asked. “Not one stone left upon another,” was the reply. But the resistless masters of the world had been there, and thither next went we. From end to end of that Sussex coast we find the deep impress of Roman feet, the dent of the Roman heel, the imperishable work of the Roman hands. The very ocean shrank back before them. Nowhere in Britain has the coastline undergone such change as here. Once it seems that the tides come up to those massive walls which the legionaries raised to guard the city then called Regnum—a city which doubtless had been growing for ages with its great earthworks, its port crowded with ships, its temple or temples, such as they were, its warriors, its merchants, its courtiers, its statesmen, its party of home rulers and its other party of liberal-conservatives, just as men live now, *mutatis mutandis*.

Was it here that King Cogidubnus bore sway?—he who so soon made his peace with the awful ones, and whom the guild of the masons and carpenters of Chiches-

ter immortalized in that stone which they set up when the king gave them leave to build their temple to the goddess of wisdom and the great god of the sea, they finding the funds and a Roman settler giving them the land? That eloquent inscription may be seen at Goodwood now. The date of it? Well! the experts incline to think it may have been set up during the first twenty years of the Roman occupation. If they are right, it follows as a moral certainty that Cogidubnus, the wary and politic, must have dined with Vespasian and his son when they were learning the arts of war during those long years in England, little Titus in petticoats never having heard as yet of Palestine, or having any dream of setting up that arch of his at Rome where, bitten into the marble, there still front you the "seven candlesticks" and those other spoils that came from the holy hill of Zion. My thoughts were so full of Rome—I had, in fact, so "gone over to Rome" by this time, and I was so baffled in my vain attempt to make out what the castle of Chichester could have been like, though the mound, or part of it on which Roger de Montgomery built his keep, stands still *en evidence*—that I was in a bad humor when my friendly and most hospitable guide took me to the cathedral. Chichester seemed to me, in that ill temper of mine, a poky place. O, friend of the deathless verse! why shouldst thou cry to us:—

Prepare

You lovers, to know Love a thing of moods:
Not like hard life, of laws.

It is not love alone that is a thing of moods, all our conscious life is but a thing of moods; and lifting up my eyes to that cathedral spire, and hearing from an old verger, "the old spire didn't *fall*, sir; it *sunk down*, and I saw it sink, and it couldn't help it, poor thing, when they took away the great screen that in a manner had kept it up for hundreds and hundreds of years," I was wroth, and fumed, and held my peace in sullen silence; but I thought, "O, these restorers!"

In this perverse mood of mine it seemed to me that the most *interesting* object in Chichester was St. Mary's Hospital—the ancient *Domus Dei*. One man has risen up to write its "story." I will not do him the wrong, nor do myself the wrong, of trying to make short work of that most instructive narrative.* I cannot dwell upon

* See "The Story of the 'Domus Dei' of Chichester," . . . by the Ven. Archdeacon H. P. Wright, . . . Parker & Co., 1885, and with it compare the author's other volumes on the *Domus Dei* at Portsmouth and on that at Stamford.

that subject now, for life is short and art is long. But, whosoever you be that make a pilgrimage to Chichester, be sure you go and pay a visit to St. Mary's Hospital, and try and learn something about the gentle work that has been done there in a quiet, unpretentious way while the generations have succeeded one another, and give your vote with mine that these places may have some reverence shown them. I might almost plead for pity, for they cannot help themselves when the plunderers are strong.

PEVENSEY.

"I THINK you will not do much at the Cinque Ports this time," said Brother Vult. "He ought to do something better than that," said brother Walt; "it is the duty of every Englishman to make a pilgrimage to Pevensey." With characteristic docility we obeyed, nothing loth, and we found ourselves at Pevensey. Pevensey is a modern name. They tell us it means Peofn's Island, and that some fifteen hundred years ago a certain Peofn won it and held it. In earlier ages it was known as Anderida or Andredcester, and by some such name it was called when Julius Cæsar landed near it in 55 B.C. Then, it seems, there was a stronghold or fortress on this same rising ground, and the sea came up to it in long waves, crawling at spring tides over the great estuary, and barely covering the wide expanse of slime, where the water was too shallow to allow the Roman transports to do anything but run aground. A century or so later the legions took it as their own, and turned it into the chief fortress of the "Saxon shore." Four centuries later the wretched Britons, left to defend themselves as best they could, and hard pressed by the new swarms of "Saxon" invaders, took refuge behind those tremendous walls, and they fought with desperate valor. Desperate indeed! Standing out from the mists of legend and tradition which hang about the story of that dark time, a single tale of slaughter has come down to us that could not pass away from men's memories. It has to do with Pevensey, or, as the chronicler calls it, Andredcester. It was in the year 491 A.D.

In that year, says one, "began the kingdom of Sussex, which Ælla held right forcefully for long. . . . With a huge host he beset Andredcester, a city of most strong defences. There the Britons were gathered like bees, and day by day and night by night they beat back their be-

siegers. . . . But then at last, exhausted by long famine, they were all devoured by the edge of the sword, they with their women and their little ones, insomuch that not one single one escaped; and the foreigners destroyed that city, which was never afterwards rebuilt. Yet the place, as the site of a once most noble city, is shown to those that pass it by—a place of desolation."

I love to turn to Henry of Huntingdon for more reasons than one; but chiefly because he was a country parson, and no monk, nor even a canon. To be sure he exercised archidiaconal functions, but that's another thing; he was a country parson for all that. Nevertheless the Rev. Henry was wrong in saying, "*locus tantum ostenditur desolatus*." It is one of those slips of the pen which are frequent when a writer is quoting from some older document at his elbow. If he had written *ostendebatur* he would have been right. For Pevensey, as we have seen, was not left desolate for long; and when Pfeorn, whoever he was, got his island, with its Roman walls and citadel, he found it something very different from a dilapidated ruin, and it seems that it continued to be a place to have and to hold against all comers. Ah! but that depends upon the comers. Just a week before I saw this place I had sauntered into the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, and there, on the counterfeited presentment of the Bayeux tapestry which may be seen there, I read out, "*Mare transiit et venit ad Pevensel*." Who was it that came? William, Duke of Normandy, bastard son of that grim and frantic man whom they called—and called rightly, as it seems—Robert the Devil. What things had come to pass in those eleven hundred years since the scared Britons hereabouts had shrunk back dismayed at the sight of Cæsar's fleet—more than eight hundred ships, he tells us, were visible at one time—abandoning the fort which they dared not attempt to hold, and falling back for refuge upon the high ground behind them. Something of the same sort happened now again. Read all about it, if you will, in the monumental history of the Norman Conquest, written once and forever.

It was not long before Pevensey became once more a place of strength. It was besieged again and again. In 1101 Henry the First assembled his army here when his brother, Duke Robert, was preparing for another invasion; and the duke had to look out for a different landing-place.

In 1309 it was a neglected ruin. Shortly afterwards it was looked to by Edward the Second. In 1399 Lady Pelham held it against all the force that Sussex, Kent, and Surrey could bring against her. Twenty years later, Queen Joanna, widow of Henry the Fourth, was shut up in Pevensey—they said she was a witch—another of the Pelhams keeping guard over her. What need to go on? The place is bewildering with its crowd of memories. As I looked down from these walls I seemed to hear the low ripple lapping below me, Roman and Saxon and Norman navies riding at anchor in the bay and all the air throbbing with the shock of battle; and then came upon me that fine saying of Professor Maitland: "The map of England, that most wonderful of all palimpsests!"

HURSTMONCEUX.

FROM Pevensey to Hurstmonceux. "What a falling-off was there, my countrymen!" A mere architectural freak of the fifteenth century—a very splendid freak, I admit—a splendid example of what may be done in bricks and mortar. As such it is worth a visit, but it is horribly modern! It was built with money that came from across the Channel, as I gather. For Sir James Fiennes, the first Lord Say and Sele, got his reward for the part he played when the battle of Agincourt was fought; and honors—which in those days meant wealth and huge increase of income—were showered upon him, and he built this most pretentious palace, which his posterity found too vast to live in—the family was over-housed. What care I for a ruin that is hardly more than four hundred years old? It is a place for picnics, and not a bad place either. "Who keeps up the gardens and grounds?" quoth I to the damsel who took my shilling. "We do, sir. We hire it all and make what we can!"

What a picture Watteau could have made of a *fête champêtre* in that courtyard! Now we are expected to buy photographs, photographs, photographs; of which about one in a hundred remotely suggests a picture. At Hurstmonceux the ground-plan hanging up in the gatehouse is worth all the photographs.

BATTLE.

HAVING made our pilgrimage to Pevensey, it followed as a matter of course that we should go to Battle. The Duke of Cleveland was there, and the visit was a disappointment. A youth took us

round—a party of some twenty or so—and all that he told us was wrong, a mere jumble got up by rote, after having invented his absurdities out of his head. He irritated me! The man was a kind of embodied whooping-cough, and would not let me look about me. He went on *hacking* out his nonsense till it was quite unbearable. Suddenly I broke forth into irrepressible laughter, for clearly, distinctly, there came upon me the memory of a showman at Horn fair, whose historic diorama I peeped through in my childhood, and paid a penny for the sight. I hear the fellow now: "The parting of Hector and Andromashee! Him to the right; her to the left! And you see the grand effect which the sun, the moon, and the stars has upon the face of the waters!" For sixpence you may buy a very fair little account of Battle Abbey. What excuse is there for that young man not getting up his lesson from that?

To have listened to the historian of the Conquest acting as showman upon that terrace, as I believe he once did, and as I am sure he could, would have been an event in one's life, even though the great man had, metaphorically, stamped upon one's toes with his iron heel and hammered his fad of "Senlac" into you with the heavy mallet of stubborn reiteration. But when our little guide put himself into position and in a shrill falsetto cried aloud: "There Harold set up his standard," he waved his hand and boxed the compass after a fashion, looking round on this side and on that with a generous impartiality and with incomparably less decision than Mr. Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin when—peremptorily bidden by his dark-skinned lord and master to show him the Pole star, he

Pickt out a middlin' shiney one and told him that was it.

Somehow we were not in the mood to go into heroics at Battle. The rain came down, and we said: "We'll come here another day!" So we will when that other fever comes upon us which is sure to come, and we have to prowl among nunneries and priories and abbeys. Next day we found ourselves at Hastings; no Walt and Vult to guide and order us, and no delightful home to come back to at eventime, with all its light and leading, and those merry children to romp with, if only an abominable catarrh had not forbidden the playing of the noble game of Great Ogre!

At this point once more I am impelled to utter my protest against the cant of the

professional traveller, who is never tired of running down our English hotels and crying up those on the other side of the Channel. For comfort, for reasonable charges, for cleanliness, and obligingness [a most convenient word]—for scrupulous honesty from the dignified lady behind the window down to the boots—for all that goes to make a caravansery a traveller's joy, commend me to our English hotels.

HASTINGS.

WE were roamers, as you have seen, and very random roamers. We hardly knew when we laid our heads upon the pillow where we should go next; but Hastings is still a Crique Port (though we had quite cooled down upon that subject by this time), and Hastings boasts of its castle, and up to it we climbed. Standing inside the inner ward of what I must call the old fortress, I felt as I never felt before how helpless any one is who, without a competent knowledge of the dynamics of geology, attempts to read the riddles of the past. No wise man need be ashamed of his ignorance of most things; and if a specialist is arrogant and supercilious, that bumptious specialist is not a wise man. But it is vexatious to approach a specialist with a problem which you have not knowledge enough to state in correct terms; and at the edge of that cliff which overlooks the sea, I fretted myself with a desire to know how the rock got to be there and how it had acquired the shape it presents now. If there had been a competent geologist in sight I would have humbly taken him by the button; but there was none, and as I continued "nagging" at the matter all day long, the very wife of my bosom snubbed me at last, saying severely: "How foolish you are! If you *could* hire a geologist he would only tell you that you did not know enough to have the thing explained to you!"

At Hastings, as elsewhere along this romantic land of Sussex, we are driven back again in thought to the dark ages. There is, to be sure, no sign of Roman handiwork; but almost beyond a doubt the great earthworks, on part of which the castle ruin stands, were thrown up by those same Britons of whom we have heard before, and thrown up long before the Christian era. Nay, it may be before King Servius built his walls round Rome. When Aulus Plautius made his landing in A.D. 43, he does not seem to have troubled himself about the Regni and their Sussex kingdom. They seem to have submitted

to the inevitable when the tide of conquest, that kept moving westward, placed them in a perilous isolation; and the vast forest of Anderida, thirty miles deep, was between them and the northern world. The seaboard they could hardly now presume to think of calling their own. But four centuries pass, and the English — you *may* call them so if it makes you happy — came in, swarm after swarm. We have heard of them and of their doings at Pevensey; and a generation or so later we find them at Hastings — comfortably settled there too, and coining money. Brother Vult can show you their coins, as he can show you the coins of Commius, Cæsar's friend, gold coins minted perhaps at this very Hastings in the century before wise men from the far East came following the star that led them to the manger at Bethlehem, what time bad Herod trembled for his throne and slew the little ones. Did that mint continue all through those centuries? or was it only one of those queer revivals which history is forever startling us with? Be it as it may, Hastings continued to coin money for another five hundred years, from the seventh century down to the time of Henry the first at least, as the numismatists assure us; and they can give us proof positive of that which they assert. The mound, at an angle of the inner ward of the castle, is beyond doubt an English work; and when great William pushed on from Pevensey to Hastings in quest of food for his host he must have set eyes upon that mound, doubtless loftier then than now, perhaps crowned with a formidable stockade. The ruined castle, with its collegiate church, has of course a history. Becket, the martyred primate, was Dean of Hastings long years before he was primate, and William of Wykeham was one of the canons of this church, which I suppose may be taken to mean that some part of the revenues of the Hastings house went to build the college of Winchester. If you are lucky enough to be able to buy Professor Freeman's "History of the Reign of William Rufus," you are sure to find a great deal there about Hastings; not that I have read the book, for I am not one of the lucky ones — but because in the nature of things it *must* be there.

WE GO TO CANTERBURY.

We had started from home intending to spend a week at Canterbury. That was out of the question now, but yet we could not leave it quite unvisited. So at Can-

terbury we found ourselves. There is no place or city in these British Islands that can for a moment be compared with Canterbury in the memories that it recalls — the heroic and romantic associations that are inseparably connected with it; the splendor of its present and its past; the magnificent succession of great men who lie there entombed; the almost unbroken continuity of its history. The chronicle of London read side by side with the memorials of Canterbury is a dull, prosaic, humdrum record, tame, commonplace, and rather vulgar.

There is only one man living who *knows* Canterbury — the all unpaid but not now unhonored seneschal of the cathedral, Dr. Sheppard. It is melancholy to reflect how much recondite lore, which can never be amassed again by any single man, must pass away when this grand enthusiast joins the majority. Books have been written by the score, and many of them good books too; but what are books to the living teacher's words?

The vergers of our cathedrals, as a rule, are excellent showmen; they are loyal to the glorious buildings in which they pass their days; they get up their lessons well; but at Canterbury they are far superior to the average of their class. They seem to be notably intelligent, modestly inquiring, curiously on the alert to pick up any hint or any new piece of information, as if they expected to be learners even to the end. The truth is, they are conscious of the presence among them of a master for whom they entertain unbounded reverence. All that men know, he knows it — what he knows not is not knowledge. Submitting myself humbly to this guide, philosopher, and friend, through a great vista of light and shadow there passed before me, all in living reality, a long drama whose successive scenes were presented with surpassing vividness. But who could *keep hold* of it all? A kind of despair came upon me as I listened and as the pageantry moved on before my very eyes.

Those two days were days of sheer bewilderment, and what I heard and what I learnt and what I dreamt was sometimes present, and sometimes it was as if it had been, and sometimes as if it belonged to another world — a world not realized. In sheer perplexity, when I found myself alone and tried to bring back only a little, a very little, of what the gifted seer had been bringing before me, I threw myself back into the days when there was no Canterbury, and actually a sense of relief

came upon me when the symptoms of my Roman fever returned. For Christian Canterbury you may go to that beautiful prose poem by our great prose poet, and in following Dean Stanley's "Memorials" you will find enough to make the "mother of all the bishoprics" a place to sojourn in and find a joy in for many delightful days.

OTHER PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TO CANTERBURY.

BUT there was a time when there was no Canterbury — I mean when it was a very different place, and called by a very different name. If, as seems the fact, Cæsar's first landing-place was somewhere in Pevensey Bay, it was a strategic mistake, and he learnt his lesson from it. When he came next, it seems that it was in Kent, not Sussex, that he landed. In those days there was a British road that crossed the Stour by a ford, and at this point there stood an ancient British "city" which went by the name of Durovernum. There is some reason for believing that even before the Christian era — it may be centuries before — the place had been the seat of some now forgotten form of worship — a sacred city in fact, where men offered sacrifices and had their mystic rites, and after their fashion praised and prayed. The Danejon is undoubtedly a British work, and round about it there might still be noted, two centuries ago, other mounds or barrows which may have been the sepulchres of dead ancestors, or may have been such "high places" as we read of again and again in the most ancient records. By-and-by, when the Romans had won the land, at least three great roads converged at Durovernum, issuing from the three mighty fortresses on the coast — Richborough, Dover, and Lymne, for we will call them by their modern names. Durovernum itself was but a kind of outpost or depôt, from which the road ran straight as a line to London. At that outpost some of the greatest of the world's great ones halted or sojourned — Cæsar, on his march to the westward; Claudius, a century later, as he pushed forward to win the laurels that had been plucked for him by another; and, in the same year, or the next, Vespasian, needy then, and bent on plunder, a rising general thirty-four years old, and with him Titus, his little son, born just three years before. When Agricola accomplished that memorable circumnavigation of the island in A.D. 84, Richborough, just twelve miles from Durovernum, was his landing-place too; and when, as we are told he

did, Agricola put his soldiers into winter quarters, do you think he did not ride in to Durovernum to inspect the *statio* through which he must have passed many a time before?

When, at the beginning of the fourth century, the emperor Constantius Chlorus was organizing his last campaign against the Picts, *his* son, the great Constantine, joined him at Boulogne, and together they sailed across the Channel, and together they must needs have taken the road through Durovernum; and through it again the son must have hastened to take possession of the empire after his father's death at York (July, 306). Before the century came to an end, the swarms of Saxons and Angles had poured in upon the Kentish people, and a cry arose for help; for the legions, it seems, were not as they had been, and the discipline of the army in Britain was weakened by continual drafts to supply the lack of men in the other provinces of the empire. For the last time Rome found a really able general to send to Britain, in the person of Theodosius, and at Richborough he too landed in 367 A.D., and with him came *his* son Theodosius, afterwards emperor; and on the road to London — can it have been under the very walls of Durovernum? — they smote the heathen with a great slaughter, and rid the land of them for a little while. I say he smote the heathen, for father and son were both Christians, and the son is he in whose days Christianity became in effect the established religion of the Roman Empire. Is it anything less than probable that in that very church which two centuries later Ethelbert gave to Augustine — that church which Bede expressly says had been built in old times, after the ancient fashion of the Roman Christians — Theodosius himself may have offered up his prayers to the God of battles as he made ready for the onslaught? Think of it! The south-western tower of Canterbury actually stands upon a portion of the Roman wall; and that old Roman church remains to this day the *core*, if I may say so, of the most magnificent and the most inspiring of England's great cathedrals. In the mean time, however, Durovernum had got to be called by another name — it was now known as "Cantwarabyrig" — the stronghold of the men of Kent, peradventure memorable as the place where these Kentish men made another of those last desperate stands, and where the end was the same as at Pevensey — a wholesale and remorseless slaughter.

"Who can understand his errors?" says the psalmist. I confess I cannot account for mine. When I ought to have been leaving all these Roman emperors and their heathen surroundings quite out of view and out of remembrance, and only thinking of Canterbury as the holy place of Christian saints and sages, I must needs go on talking about the ages further back, as if I were a pagan or a Heathen Chinese! But what could I do? For two days had I been sitting at the feet of a great master, trying to follow him as he poured forth from his vast treasure-house of knowledge that stream of romantic truth — so much more romantic and entrancing than any fiction — and it was as if I had been blinded by excess of light, as if I must needs retire into the darkness for a while if so be there might be any hope of attaining to clear vision of anything again.

PORTSMOUTH.

FROM Canterbury to Portsmouth — that was our next move. We found ourselves in another world. It is not the ecclesiastical world, but Portsmouth, too, has its splendid traditions, and heroes have gone forth from thence at whose names nations have trembled, and tyrants, as they heard them, gnashed their teeth with rage that was all idle. If here again we should be inclined to transport ourselves to Roman days, they tell me that even at Portsmouth we should find traces of their audacious engineering enterprises; but I know not — I know not.

While we rowed about that wonderful harbor — *rowed*, observe! just as the old admirals did — as Nelson did — not panting and puffing and fuming and smoking in a rickety steam-launch, as if we had been in an ignorant hurry and only wanted to get done with it — as we rowed leisurely along, our boatman, familiar with every mast and every buoy, and garrulously saving us even the trouble of asking questions, we were perfectly sure that the lotos-eaters had never known such conscious bliss as ours. They chaunted querulously; we were silent.

In that delicious October sunshine, with never a breath to disturb the quiet air, and never a ruffle on the gently heaving water, we gave ourselves up to the impressions of the moment. Imagination, even while we rowed bareheaded under the bows of the Victory, refused to rise to the occasion; she claimed, and she took, a holiday.

An attitude of somewhat haughty modernism characterizes Portsmouth. There people have little taste for retrospection; all that has been is worth thinking of only so far as it may have led up to what is and what shall be. As to the great ironclads, and the monster guns, and the vast dockyard, *et hoc genus omne*, there is no need to speak of them; but there are two modern buildings, the one civil, the other ecclesiastical, which no visitor of Portsmouth should leave without inspecting. There are many public edifices elsewhere, which are larger and more pretentious; but for its admirable and carefully considered plan, its splendid site, its superb façade, and the surprisingly small cost at which it has been completed in a short four years, the Town Hall of Portsmouth may be safely pronounced to be the most successful municipal building erected in England during our time. And make what deductions you please for a tower which is a *fiasco*, and a chancel which needs much lengthening, the evil spirit of detraction will be startled out of you if you find yourself one Sunday morning standing up to praise God with that immense congregation, while the grandeur and magnificence of all the surroundings will impress you with the conviction that, take it all in all, Portsea Church is among the stateliest of our nineteenth-century churches; and you will think that man is to be envied to whom that great church owes so much of its splendor. Men like he may try in their modesty to conceal their names, but gratitude and pride in such a glorious possession as this will not suffer those who now gather within its walls to keep his secret.

WINCHESTER.

BEING, as you see, mere random roamers, it was not very wonderful that, having got so far, we should take Winchester on our way home. If Canterbury stands first among English cities for the inspiring memories that it awakens, I think we must give the second place to Winchester. Here, again, we find ourselves driven back into a past that has to do with ages long before the Christian era. The Romans came and made the place their own; they called it Venta Belgarum. And after them the Saxons came and made it the "capital" of Wessex, and *they* called it Wintanceastre; and here King Kænwealh caused "the old church" to be built in A.D. 643. The Danes came in, about two hundred years after that building of the *old* church, and they took the place by

storm, and then for a while it was Danish ground. And then — and then — and then; what need to go on? There are traces of all these successive waves that have swept over Winchester if we have but eyes to see, and ears to listen, and hearts to understand. "Brains, you mean!" No, my erudite and too algebraical critic! I do *not* mean brains. I mean what I say. My England! my England! who can know thee or understand thy glory or thy greatness if he lack the patriot's love for thee, and the patriot's burning loyalty?

SILCHESTER.

IN the old times, from which you may perceive that I find it hard to get away, a great Roman road ran from ancient Chichester to Southampton, and hence, making a new departure, it started off in a straight line to Winchester, and thence went on to St. Albans (?) But at Winchester several Roman roads converged, and one of them, crossing the other at an angle, went through the country of the *Atrebatas*, and, twenty-two Roman miles from Winchester, it reached their chief city, which then was known as *Calleva Atrebatum*, and now is known as the village of *Silchester*. The whole parish, I believe, belongs to the Duke of Wellington, and about the middle of it stands a farm of a hundred acres surrounded by a stupendous Roman wall ten feet in thickness and in some parts still twenty-five feet high. Outside this wall, on the north and west, there ran a tremendous ditch serving as a defence to a mighty outwork, and the great walls were pierced by four awful gates, each with its guard-house, and through one of these the great road to London led. The place had been once a great British fortress or *oppidum*; the Romans recognized its strategic importance, and they made it into a *city*, as, for convenience, we call such places now. For fourteen hundred years this mysterious *Calleva* remained forsaken — sometimes the haunt of wild beasts, sometimes a quarry out of which church-builders got their stone, and then at last, when corn was dear and farming was profitable, it was brought under the plough! A hundred acres! Two-thirds the area of Pompeii, not to mention the cemeteries and the amphitheatre outside the walls, and the *suburbs*, whatever they were and whatever may hereafter be found to have stood upon them. Five-and-twenty years ago the late Mr. Joyce, then rector of Strathfieldsaye, became consumed by the desire

to lay bare some portion of the foundations of the city, and at his own expense he set to work in earnest. No one man can to any purpose uncover the foundations of a city that extends over a hundred acres of ground. Mr. Joyce, however, made a great beginning; and first and foremost he opened out the whole area of the great *basilica* of Silchester, and left it as you may see it there to-day.

What is a *basilica*? Accept this as an answer. The *basilica* was the town hall of a city. That is enough for all practical purposes; and if my algebraical critic tells you that a *basilica* was something more, never mind what he says. The town hall of Portsmouth is a *basilica*; so is St. George's Hall at Liverpool. At Rome there were a dozen and more of them, just as in London there are a dozen and more town halls; and the time came when the Emperor Constantine turned several of these *basilicæ* into Christian churches, and, for anything I know to the contrary, he or his successors may have done the like with some of the *basilicæ* in England; and he might very easily have done worse. The *basilica* of Silchester followed the almost invariable plan in its construction; that is to say, it was a quadrangular building with a semi-circular apse at each end. The length of the main building was usually about double its breadth, and it consisted of a nave with two aisles. The *basilica* at Silchester was two hundred and eighty-five feet long; that is, it was exactly the same length as the nave of *York Cathedral*!

This is that Silchester which the Society of Antiquaries has taken in hand to lay before us, if only we will find the funds. One royal-hearted gentleman has, for the last ten years or so, been devoting himself to throw light upon *village* life in Britain during the Roman domination, and most strange and instructive are the results arrived at. But there is not to be found, all the world over, another so heroic an antiquary as General Pitt-Rivers. You might as well look for a second Newton. Such men stand alone; they *must* stand alone. What is wanted now is that we should pursue our researches into the life of the British *towns* in Roman times; and in this long-buried city we have all the materials lying ready for intelligent investigation. What may we expect to find at Silchester? Money? Yes! even money. In the great Chronicle, under the year 418, there stands the following very curious entry: "In this year the Romans

gathered together all the gold hoards that were in Britain; and some they hid in the earth, that none might hereafter find them, and some they carried with them into Gaul." The late Mr. Joyce was no worshipper of Mammon, nor in his digging did he go very far; but he tells us that the number of the coins he found in the course of his researches was "perfectly surprising." They dated as far back as Caligula (A.D. 37), and they went on in an unbroken series for nearly four centuries, down to the time of Arcadius, when the Romans abandoned the island. That is a tempting bait for the sons of cupidity; but I am not so very, very sure that treasure-hunting would be found a paying quest; and if we seek for our reward in coin or coins, I fear we shall not be able to show a satisfactory balance-sheet. No; we must expect to find something better than that.

We shall find that those British folk, though they built houses and theatres and baths, and a great deal else, did not quite adopt the fashions of their masters; that their houses were not as they were in the warmer climate of the south; that they had their own methods of making themselves comfortable; that they had to provide for the long winters; that they did not live so much in the open air; that perhaps they did not affect the public baths so much as people did at Rome; and it may be, too, that they had temples and religious rites of their own, which were dying out and being replaced by the better way. Even Mr. Joyce found a seal and a ring which indicate that the Christian faith was not unknown at Calleva; and what if it should turn out that a Christian church was standing there when the Teuton Longheads dashed in with a yell through the gate that proved too weak to resist their terrible assault, and the doomed city from end to end reeked with carnage? But the work has only begun, and it must needs go on slowly, or had better be left alone. Happily it is in the very best hands. Mr. Hope is, of course, the commander-in-chief; but with him is associated Mr. G. E. Fox, a past-master in Romano-British lore, chivalrous, sagacious, indefatigable, a perfect draughtsman, and one, too, who can wield the scholar's pen.

It is impossible to conjecture, as yet, what a revolution may be wrought during the next few years in many of our views of the civilization of Britain during the third and fourth centuries. As we stepped from stone to stone, walked along the

pavements that had been buried for ages, saw the heaps of pottery, fragments of glass, broken tools and implements and weapons, which had been tossed aside as not worth preserving in the little museum—all the mere refuse of a few months' or weeks' careful labor—and as we stopped at this point and at that, while our accomplished guides led us on and on, the hours passed away; and when the time came for us to leave this city of the dead, eye and brain were fairly exhausted by the long tension at which they had been kept, though it was very hard to say good-bye!

As for you, ye trippers and picnickers of the light fantastic toe, and the taper fingers that cannot keep themselves from picking and stealing!—to you I say, Avaunt! Come not near Silchester! It is no place for you! For *you* the admission to the walls is one pound sterling per head, or five pounds for parties of six who bring with them a learned professor competent to act as their leader and instructor, and duly qualified to inspire some little awe.

There still remained two or three hours of daylight. We took the train to Reading, and came upon new surprises. I had got it into my foolish head that of that great abbey there had been utter obliteration. Some good angel took me to the door of the vicar of St. Lawrence, and in a moment the spell of an enchanter's wand was upon me once more. But if you think that I am going to let my pen run on about Reading, you judge me harshly. Under that magician's influence, after humbly learning from him for many an hour and many a day—after some patient tutelage—perhaps I could a tale unfold—but not yet, not now.

Our wanderings had ended. Next day we found ourselves at home again. The great maple at the gate had not yet shed all its golden foliage, the sun was setting, little children turned out to nod and smile at us, and one or two old folks came to their doors to look. Next day the church bells sent out their call. Come! Come! Come! Come! and we—the shepherd and his humble flock—lifted up our hearts together and rendered thanks to the Giver of all good; and one old horny hand grasped mine at the porch, and the owner of that hand said—and he meant it—"I am glad, sir! I am glad we've got you back!"

How many worthy people are there within the four seas who have spent such a three weeks as we, or have had such a joyous roam as ours in this perfect autumn time?

From The National Review.
LIFE AND LABORS OF SCHLIEMANN.

WITH PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY KARL BLIND.

ONE of the greatest pathfinders in archæology, the very greatest as regards prehistoric Asia Minor and Greece, has suddenly gone from us by an almost tragic end. It is a loss to the whole civilized world. As years rolled on, the name of Heinrich Schliemann had steadily grown among the learned class. Quite a galaxy of foremost men of science of various nationalities — such as Sayce, Virchow, Max Müller, Brugsch, Ranke, Müllenhoff, Mahaffy, the late Dr. James Fergusson, Burroughs, Calvert, and other kindred spirits in learning of no ordinary quality — testified to his merits, until at last his name had become a household word with all who pretend to any degree of intellectual culture.

Who, indeed, has not heard of him that conjured up, with his spade, from the ground, the charred and blackened ruins, ay, and the treasures, too, of the "wind-swept castle and town," whose fate forms the theme of the Homeric lays? Who is not familiar with the name of the discoverer of the hero Graves of Mykenê, connected with the tragic story of Agamemnon and Klytæmnestra; of the so-called treasure house of Orchomenos; and of the vast palace of Tiryns, where the Kyklopean walls stand to this day, which two thousand years ago were already the wonder of the classic age? Not to mention what he has performed or attempted in Ithaka, the home of Odysseus, and in Egypt, the island of Kerigo, also, the ancient Kythera, has been a field of research for the indefatigable explorer. There he brought to light the remnants of a pre-Hellenic temple of the Goddess of Beauty.

In his "Universal History," Leopold von Ranke, the late patriarch of German historians, observes in regard to Dr. Schliemann's ever-memorable achievement: "Beyond all doubt there has existed a primeval, prehistoric Ilios, as the excavations show. With its name the Homeric poems are connected." This real Ilios, which is no longer a sun-myth, gives the Greek epic, in Ranke's words, its substantial background and character. His further remarks point to a long strife that of yore had evidently taken place round Troy. It is a strife which, I believe we might be warranted in thinking, has only been condensed into a ten years' siege by the Hellenic bard, or by the

rhapsodists that were before him. How many battles, with alternate successes or defeats may have been fought between eastern Europe and Asia Minor, between Greek and Thracian, in a dim antiquity which lies beyond our ken! Looked at in this light, the ten years' beleaguering becomes rather a poetic concentration, for the sake of the "unity of space and time," than an exaggeration of the real facts of the case.

More than twenty years ago, Schliemann began his own siege of Troy. Undaunted by the sneers of cavillers, he boldly handled the pick-axe, laying as it were the first strategical parallel, in order to get into the hill-enchanted town whose whereabouts had given rise to so much learned controversy. And, wonderful to say — what Maclaren, what George Grote, what Julius Braun, our gifted friend and fellow-student, whose too early death has been an incalculable harm to the science of art, had always strongly maintained — Schliemann victoriously proved it by actually unearthing the Burnt City! Many a battle he has had to fight with sceptics and antagonists of different kinds; but truly he thrice dragged them round the walls of Troy.

In the words of Professor Virchow, an authority of first rank: —

It is now an idle question whether Schliemann, at the beginning of his researches, proceeded from right or wrong pre-suppositions. Not only has the result decided in his favor, but also the method of his investigations has proved to be excellent. It may be that the enchanting picture of Homer's immortal poetry proved somewhat of a snare to his fancy; but this fault of his imagination, if I may so call it, nevertheless involved the secret of his success. The Burnt City would still have lain hidden in the earth had not imagination guided the spade. But severe inquiry has taken the place of imagination. Year by year the facts have been more duly appreciated.

And then Virchow proceeds to show that Dr. Schliemann has "solved the problem of thousands of years." In the same way, Professor Sayce, the distinguished philologist and inquirer in historical science, declares, after summing up all the evidence, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion "that Dr. Schliemann has indeed discovered Ilios." Therein lies the famed explorer's immortal merit.

He has, however, done more. He also gave us an insight into the life of the Hellenized offspring of that Thracian race which in grey antiquity, after having first

crossed over from eastern Europe into Asia Minor, repeatedly came back in various expeditions, effecting lodgments in what is now southern Greece, long before the Hellenes had settled there. Tiryns and Mykenê were once such Thrakian strongholds in the Peloponnesus. Kinsmen of the Trojans, the warriors who settled in the peninsula under Pelops became the forebears of men who afterwards contributed most powerfully to the overthrow of the "sacred Ilios." It reads quite like a page from the history of the Teutonic race, so often divided against itself.

Under many tribal names, such as Dardanians, Phrygian, Mysian, Lydian, Karian, Lykian, Thynian, Bithynian, Paphlagonian, and so forth, the Thrakians were spread over eastern Europe and Asia Minor. According to Herodotos (V., 2), they were "the largest nation of any among mankind, excepting the Indians; and if they had been under one ruler, or acted together, they would have been invincible and by far the most powerful of all nations." Their internal dissensions, he added, crippled their strength. It is even what Tacitus, five hundred years later, still said of the Germans. By the classic writers the Thrakians, whose noblest tribe the Getes were, who afterwards reappear as Goths, are described as tall, with red or golden hair, blue-eyed, most martial, and highly musical, much given to Bacchic habits, but also to philosophical speculation and learning. Some of the Thrakian tribes were famed as workers in metal, weavers of the finest textures, and embroiderers in gold. Owing to gradual intermixture, many a warrior, thinker, poet, scholar, philosopher, and artist of Hellas was of Geto-Thrakian or Gothic ancestry. Thukydidēs, to give but one instance, hailed on the mother's side from Kimon, son of Miltiades, the victor of Marathon, who on the same side had sprung from Oloros, a king of Thrace. Thukydidēs' own surname was Oloros, which — dropping the Greek ending "os" — has its manifest counterpart in Norse nomenclature.

At Mykenê and at Tiryns, Dr. Schliemann has unearthed most striking remnants belonging to generations of originally Thrakian stock, which in course of time became Hellenized. If, when he began his labors, he was not fully aware of the vast extent of the race-connection before mentioned, his discoveries themselves are not the less astounding. But extraordinary and unmatched as his achievements have been in the Troad and

in Argolis, he yet did not look upon the task of his life as completed. It was truly to be expected that his never-flagging zeal and energy, his strangely penetrating glance which divined the secrets of the mute soil, would bring to light even further wonders of an antiquity hitherto far beyond our ken. In fact, he was bent on a fresh enterprise of this kind when, almost in sight of his Athenian home, he was struck down.

II.

THOSE who know from his autobiography what a life he had to go through before he was able to realize the aims of his very boyhood, will be all the readier to award him the palm. Born on January 6, 1822, in the little town of Neu Buckow, in northern Germany, as the son of a Protestant clergyman, young Schliemann soon experienced the miseries of poverty. A few glimpses of his childhood, however, already reveal the man.

In the village to which his father was transferred, the boy's natural disposition for the mysterious and marvellous was nurtured on a good deal of folk-lore. Just behind his parents' garden was a pond, called "The Silvery Cup," out of which a maiden was believed to rise each midnight, holding a silver bowl. There was also a small hill — probably a prehistoric barrow — in which, as the legend ran, a robber knight, in times of old, had buried his beloved child in a golden cradle. Such tales fostered in the boy an early bent for digging with a view to historical treasure trove. When his father gave him a "Universal History," with an engraving representing Troy in flames, but adding that "This is merely a fancy picture," the future discoverer asked whether ancient Troy had such huge walls as those depicted in the book? An answer in the affirmative being given, the boy said: "Father! If such walls once existed, they cannot possibly have been completely destroyed. Vast ruins of them must still remain; but they are hidden away beneath the dust of ages."

All the talk of young Schliemann to his playfellows henceforth was of nothing else but Troy. But he was continually laughed at, except by two country girls, who sustained his glowing ambition. There is a story, both naïvely sentimental and pathetic, connected with the early awakenings of the heart and mind between the imaginative and highly aspiring boy and these simple but intelligent village lasses,

which must attract all those who are aware that fact is often stranger than fiction. For a while, however, the ambitious dreams of young Schliemann were rudely dispelled by a financial disaster which befell his family, and which disabled the worthy pastor from continuing to give his son a higher education. By-and-by we find the latter—what a sad fall from his lofty aims!—in a little grocer's shop, retailing herrings, butter, potato, whiskey, milk, salt, and so forth. There he had to toil from five in the morning till eleven at night; "eight hours" being quite out of the question.

It stands on record how afterwards he went to Hamburg, where he "succeeded," as he says, in obtaining a situation with the splendid "annual salary of £9 sterling;" how, being so utterly poor as to have to sell his only coat in winter, he served on board ship as a cabin-boy, and was shipwrecked on the Dutch coast; how he intended enlisting as a soldier, but fortunately got some mercantile employment, when he used every spare moment for study, learning an extraordinary number of languages in a simple, practical manner; and how, through all this time, he was haunted by the memory of the melodious sounds of a hundred Homeric verses he once in his childhood had heard recited, in rhythmic cadence, by a broken-down fellow with an early classic education, whom drink had for a time driven into evil ways. It would lead too far to describe how Schliemann, being sent by his principals to St. Petersburg, built up—as an indigo, cotton, and tea merchant—a large fortune, with an income, already in 1880, of £10,000 a year; how he became far more travelled than Odysseus; and how he at last crowned the stock of learning he had acquired, as a self-taught and self-made man, by giving to the world those wonderful revelations of prehistoric life from Asia Minor and Greece. Lavishly he spent his own for these researches. Never did he think for a moment of making use of the results to his own advantage.

In these labors he had, from the beginning, the zealous co-operation of his gifted wife, a Greek lady, whose knowledge and accomplishments all those know how to esteem who have had the pleasure of meeting her. It is her portrait in "Ilios," which represents a Trojan lady with the gold diadem of the large treasure found in the Burnt City. What a vista of ages, from the day when Troy fell, to that when Sophie Schliemann put on her brow the ornaments of a Thracian princess living

in Priam's stronghold more than three thousand years ago!

It was in 1877, when the renowned discoverer appeared in London, that I first made his acquaintance. He then came to our house, where a large number of writers, artists, politicians, and others, of different nationality, gathered to welcome him. A fourteen years' warm friendship which soon arose from that acquaintance; a hundred and twenty letters of his which are before me as I am writing this, and in many of which he gave ample information to me on his researches and plans; together with frequent intimate intercourse during his repeated sojourn in London, make me feel doubly the severity of the bereavement which now has befallen the cultured world. These letters are nearly all written in our German tongue; some of them in English; one in Greek. When he sent a card at a festive time of the year, he occasionally also wrote a few words on it in the Hellenic tongue, such as: "*πλείστας ὁμολογῶ χάριτας.*"

It is not many weeks since I received the last letter from him, containing promising news of his forthcoming renewed activity. It was dated from Halle, where he had gone for medical treatment of an old complaint. Sending the heartiest greetings, with kind assurances of old friendship, he wrote to say that he intended resuming his excavations at Troy on the first of March next, beginning in the middle of the *agora* (public meeting-place) of the Lower City. His object was to refute completely the idea of Captain Bötticher that "there was no such thing as a Lower City."

For those not conversant with the eccentric theory of Bötticher, it may be useful to mention that, contrary to the clearest historical evidence, he would fain see in the prehistoric towns and castles which Dr. Schliemann had unearthed, nothing else but ancient fire burial-places, or crematoria. This bizarre view, it need scarcely be said, has vanished into thin air before the most overwhelming ocular demonstration. It has been declared utterly untenable by a commission of scientific experts, German, English, French, American, who made their investigations, not long ago, on the very spot, in presence of Captain Bötticher. Nevertheless, the indefatigable explorer, whose sensitive nature did not easily brook the persistent carping and cavilling of his antagonist, had resolved upon rendering every shadow of doubt impossible for the future. Having only just undergone an operation

which, under all circumstances, is a highly dangerous one, he, in the depth of this unusually hard winter, risked travelling from Berlin to Paris, probably for business purposes, previous to the resumption of his excavations.

On hearing of that journey, I confess a grave apprehension came over me. Unmindful of the necessity of taking care of himself after an operation on so delicate an organ as the ear, he had mentioned in the letter from Halle, that December the 10th was fixed for his departure. Yet, the serious nature of his long-standing complaint had been apparent from what he had already written to me nearly thirteen years ago, when he was for treatment with Professor von Trötsch in Würzburg. He then said :—

Unfortunately, I am still very unwell. The ear is daily burnt out with lunar caustic, but yet I feel no improvement in hearing. I shall, however, probably remain here for another week in order to see whether it is not possible to cure me. I have tarried too long in London. From here I go to Athens.

Evidently he never spared himself. His intellectual impetus, his desire of action, were continually ahead of his physical forces. The flame of a strong will overmastered a weakened body. For the sake of making his preparations in order to overwhelm even an adversary whom he could so well afford to pass by in future, he chanced all. The next news was that he had been found speechless in the street at Naples, and almost immediately afterwards died, having at first been held, by those who took him up, to be an unknown man in indifferent pecuniary circumstances! It was truly a harrowing event—a death on the scientific battle-field at the very beginning of a fresh campaign.

III.

STILL another plan he had, besides that of laying bare the whole lower city of Troy. It referred to extensive excavations in Krete. By word of mouth, as well as by letters, I had for many years often expressed a hope to him that when next he was going on the warpath, with pick-axe on his shoulder, he would choose for his object the island from *which the early settlers of Troy had come*. The supposition is certainly allowable that, in this way, fresh light may be thrown on the ancient history of the Phrygo-Thracian race.

Indeed, the Ida Mountain and the Pergamos of the ancestral home of those who went forth from Krete to found the "sa-

cred Ilios," afterwards reappear in the same names of the Troad. This Thracian habit of sticking to their own designations as regards homesteads, mountains, rivers, and so forth, reminds us of the same place-names having been brought from Germany into England, thence into America and other parts of the world, by the Anglo-Saxon people. In dim, legendary lore and in myth, Krete and the Troad are much connected. Who knows what important discoveries the incomparably keen scent and sagacity of Dr. Schliemann might have made in one of the aboriginal homes of the Trojans?

To go back only to the last few years, Dr. Schliemann, trusting in promises from Krete, repeatedly sent word from Athens, under date of November 20, 1886, and again, December 9, 1888, as to his forthcoming work there. Each time he was disgracefully foiled. In a long communication of March 21, 1889, he once more entered fully into the matter. He then wrote :—

I am most gratefully obliged to you for what you sent me, and I have read all with deep interest; but I still cannot report anything as to excavations in Krete. When, in May, 1886, I visited the island with Dr. W. Dörpfeld, we singled out, on the building-ground of the ancient Knosos, the hill called Kephála Tchelebi, which lies near the river Kaizatos. Our reason for choosing this site was because there, in 1877, five holes had been dug by the Spanish Consul, Minos Kalokairinos, through which, immediately below the surface, he had obtained proof of the existence of an ancient edifice, 55 meter long, 43 m. 30 broad, *the plan of which appeared to resemble that of the palace at Tiryns*. It seemed to us all the more important because pottery had been found in it which was just like that of Tiryns and Mykené.

I forego quoting the very ample details of his negotiations with a Kretan land-owner, whose extortionate demands and slippery behavior were such that the enterprise had again to be abandoned for a time. Dr. Schliemann then continues :—

As in Turkey there is no law of expropriation, I entirely broke off the negotiations, and went to the Governor-General, Nikolakis Pasha Sartinsky, who resides in Chania, and who advised me to send a petition, through the Directorate of the Museum at Herakleion, to him, to be handed over to the Kretan Parliament, which is to meet at the end of April. The petition is to contain a request for allowing me to make everywhere, in Krete, excavations at my expense, but for the sole advantage of the Museum. The Governor is enthusiastic for science, and he promised to do everything

to have the permission granted. For this his whole influence is really necessary, as there are two political parties in Krete, one of which favors all kinds of researches, whilst the other will not hear of the matter before Greece has annexed the island; for they say that, on the outbreak of a revolution, the Turks would lose no time in destroying that which the Greeks hold to be most valuable and dearest to them, namely, the Museum in Herakleion. As to the petition, that Museum has already handed it in.

The letter concludes:—

I therefore hope to attain my aim at last, through the mediation of the Governor-General, and then it will certainly not be difficult to find places, either on the building-ground of Knosos or elsewhere, as promising for excavation as Kephála Tchelebi, so that I may dig for a small indemnification to the owners; agriculture being much neglected there, and the land scarcely bringing in anything.

Much annoyed by the repeated disappointment, Dr. Schliemann added a postscript in Greek, quoting the well-known uncomplimentary language of the apostle Paul as to the character of the Kretans. Perhaps the above facts may be useful points for other investigators who propose occupying themselves with the Kretan problem; and it is for this reason I here give these details.

It is painful to see, from some passages of this communication also, as well as from several other letters, how bitterly the great explorer felt the never-ending attacks of an antagonist who, year after year, sought to depreciate the value of his discoveries by a "fire-necropolis" fancy. At various times I besought Dr. Schliemann not to mind this any longer. But filled with the desire of exhibiting before all the world the most striking refutation of that idea, he took no heed of his health, and so went into a premature death.

Meanwhile, partly the internal troubles of Krete, partly the unsatisfactory result of his negotiations for obtaining the soil for excavations, had prevented his plan being carried out there. And now the hand rests forever which had worked with such energy, and whose grasp had always been the most successful in the way of prehistoric treasure trove.

IV.

In the conversations with Dr. Schliemann, the question of the origin of the Homeric poems easily came up. When he first undertook the exploration of the hill of Hissarlik, he did so in the enthusiastic belief that he would discover the ruins of a town approaching the splendid

description of the Iliad. He naturally experienced a sort of mental wrench when the reality fell short of what he had hoped to find. Still, it is but due to him to remember that, as early as 1871, he had written:—

My expectations are extremely modest. I have no hope of finding plastic works of art. The single object of my excavations from the beginning was *to find Troy*, whose site has been discussed by a hundred scholars in a hundred books, but which as yet no one has ever sought to bring to light by excavations.

To those who never thought of measuring prehistoric reality with the standard of a beautifying and amplifying later poetry, the result of Schliemann's exploration was no disappointment. What are called the Homeric poems have come down to us in a very late form. The epic songs brought by Lykurgos from Asia Minor; those collected three centuries afterwards by Peisistratos; and those edited by Aristoteles for Alexander the Great, were all somewhat different in text from what we now possess. The present text is that which Alexandrine scholars finally put together. What a distance of time, therefore, between our "Homer" and the war in which Troy was overthrown!

In the history of national epics, I said to our friend, such gradual glossing over of old heroic lays which had floated about among the people in single ballads, is no unusual occurrence. The German Nibelungen Lied is a case in point. Through monkish bigotry, our nation has lost the older ballads from which that epic was afterwards formed. In the corresponding songs of the Edda, however, in which even the German character, and the names of the heroes, as well as the Rhenish scenery, are still preserved, we yet see the earlier ballad form. Northmen had learnt the Nibelungen story in Germany. Their skalds at home worked it out in their own way.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the few men who still uphold the idea of a single author of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Dr. Schliemann, though loth to give up the personality of the "divine Homer," was not of that pedantic turn of mind which, in the face of facts, still clings to a defeated error. He, at any rate, in discussion, showed an open mind for unanswerable arguments. It is true he was mightily pleased when hearing that I too—in rather early years I must say, namely, at the age of seventeen, shortly before going

to the University of Heidelberg — had, with the utmost fervor, maintained the notion of a single Homer in such enthusiastic, but no doubt most imperfect, lyrical strains as were at my command. Some years ago, that youthful production, of which I had lost all trace, was reprinted, without my knowledge, by a university friend, the poet and judge Dr. Ludwig Eichrodt, who had preserved it in his "Hortus Deliciarum." The second part, which satirizes the good, but rather prosaic professor who taught us the critical doctrine of Wolf, was introduced into a *Kommers-Buch* of the German universities, and is sung by students to this day. Dr. Schliemann having but gradually divested himself of a view which had acted as such an efficient spur for his Trojan enterprise, was much amused by all this; but after our conversation on the subject he quite understood the regret I expressed at the injustice done to our pro-Wolfian professor at the Lyceum at Karlsruhe.

A remarkable service to the science of religion was performed by Dr. Schliemann when he gave the irrefutable proofs of an owl-headed Athenê and a cow-headed Herê. To the less well-read artistic mind, which shrinks from the contemplation of the primitive stages of mythology and its cruder symbolical imagery, the thought of such curious Greek or rather pre-Greek, goddesses came as a sudden shock. It was less comprehensible that scholars should at first have opposed Schliemann's perfectly correct view. Hindoo and Egyptian gods, nay, even the traces of animal-headed deities among our own forefathers, or of downright beast-worship, might have been a sufficient hint to the students of prehistoric creeds on classic ground.

Among those who showed the earliest readiness to accept, at any rate not to reject, Dr. Schliemann's interpretation of *Glaukopis Athenê*, was Professor Max Müller. He qualified his assent by the proviso that it should first be proved that *Herê Boöpis* was represented as a cow-headed monster. The proposition of so great a master of the science of religion, of an authority wielding so large an influence in matters of archæology, as well as of comparative philology, acted doubly as a spur upon Dr. Schliemann. He eagerly accepted the challenge. He began digging at Tiryns and Mykenê with the most perfect confidence that he could there solve this particular problem forever; and the result of his researches even far exceeded his own expectations. Both the cities in question lay close to the

ancient temple of Herê. Now, Dr. Schliemann actually dug up, near Tiryns and Mykenê, thousands of terra-cotta images of cows; also fifty-six cow-heads of gold, one of silver with gold horns, some gems engraved with cow-heads, many hundreds of female idols with projections like cow-horns, and female figures with cow-heads.

The very name of Mykenê, as Dr. Schliemann pointed out, is apparently derived from the lowing or "mueing" of the cow. Indeed, in Greek, in Latin, in German, in English folk-speech, the root *mu* is at the bottom of the corresponding verbs. Any one remembering the ancient Gaia cult of Greece (Gaia = cow), or the changing of Io into a cow, and her representation, like Isis, in the form of a woman with the horns of a cow, will easily understand both Dr. Schliemann's confidence and his signal success. In this case, again, he triumphed over the almost incomprehensible doubts and prejudices of professedly learned men who ought to have known better. If the Greeks, even in their most advanced state of culture, had still a Serpent Temple in which snakes were religiously kept and worshipped, what wonder that in ancient times they, and the Thracians who became intermixed with them, should have worshipped a goddess under that cow-form, which plays so large a part also in the early Norse and German creed?

V.

NEXT to the finding of Troy, that of the palace of Tiryns was Dr. Schliemann's greatest feat. When he was going to publish his work on that discovery, he wrote to say that he firmly believed in the foundation of that stronghold by Phœnikians. This view, it need not be said, gave rise to astonishment; for it goes against the tradition of antiquity, which is utterly silent about Phœnikians having come to Argolis.

The classic writers clearly state that Lyko-Thracians, a "gigantic" race from Asia Minor, had raised the Kyklopean walls. The very sea between Asia Minor and Greece is, in Homer, called the "Thracian Sea." It was from Lydia, also a Thracian country, that Agamemnon's forebear, Pelops, had entered the peninsula, to which he gave the name of Peloponnesus. "Dost thou not know," exclaims Teukros against Agamemnon in Sophokles "Ajas," "that thy grandfather was old Pelops, a barbarian, a Phrygian?"

Troy is by the classic poets called the "Phrygian Castle," the "Phrygian

Town." Another Thrakian settlement was Mykenê, the Lion-Gated, where Agamemnon, whom the ancient bard or bardis compare to a lion, held sway in the heroic age. The national style of building among the Phrygians is traceable at all the three places. A considerable similarity, in many cases even an apparent identity, exists, moreover, between the oldest idols found at Troy, Mykenê, and Tiryns. So far as can still be made out from the partially injured wall-picture of the man on a bull, which was found at Tiryns, the rider even wears the Phrygian cap which was characteristic of the swain of fair Helen and his kinsmen, and which may be seen on many later Roman coins referring to Troy.

Having been in communication with Dr. Schliemann on the origin of Tiryns, I found that in this case he would take no heed of the most distinct classic testimony, whilst in the case of Troy he had, at least in earlier years, believed too literally in poetic descriptions. However, before the appearance of his work, he, in answer to my remarks, wrote from Athens, in February, 1885, that he did "not deny that the oldest settlement of Tiryns belongs to a Thracian race," but that he was firmly convinced I would come round, after reading his book, to his view as to the architectural origin of the palace and all Kyklopean walls of Greece, as well as of Mykenean civilization in general.

However, in the very preface to "Tiryns," Dr. Adler, the architectural specialist, traced these ancient creations on the soil of Argolis to the national style of the Phrygians and to the immigration of distinguished families of that Thracian race from Asia Minor; thus fully supporting the classic statements. Dr. Dörpfeld, the trusty fellow-worker of Schliemann, whose merits in the domain of archæological science are paramount, wrote:—

Either Phœnician builders raised the castle walls in north Africa as well as in the Argive plain; or we see here an architectural arrangement which, invented in the oldest time by some nation, had gradually become typical, and therefore was executed by several races in similar manner. Strabo, it is true, states that the Cyclopes, the builders of Tiryns, had come from Lycia. The ancients, consequently, knew nothing of Phœnicians having built Tiryns.

Still, until further proof, Dr. Dörpfeld thought he should give preference to the former of the two possibilities mentioned.

Having myself laid stress, in German and English articles, on the Thracian

foundation of Tiryns, Schliemann urged me to see Dr. James Fergusson, to whom he had dedicated the English edition of his splendid book with the words: "To the Historian of Architecture, eminent alike for his knowledge of the art, and for the original genius which he has applied to the solution of some of its most interesting problems." Now, in a conversation of an hour's duration, Dr. Fergusson pointed out, with the greatest care and kindness, by means of drawings and other references fetched from his large library, all the details necessary for judging the question. His introductory words were: "I do not like the Phœnician idea at all." In the course of his explanations he said:

We evidently have here before us a structure dating back to at least 1,500 years before our era. Through this great discovery of Dr. Schliemann, a clear and sharp division-line is now discernible in the Peloponnesus, between a prehistoric epoch hitherto enveloped in darkness and the Greek epoch since the Doric invasion. Mykenê was, no doubt, built later than Tiryns, which, on account of the low marshes in its neighborhood, had probably been found to be somewhat injurious to health. The agreement of the ground-plan between Tiryns and Troy is of the utmost importance. It practically confirms the ancient tradition of the raising of the Cyclopean wall, by Lycian workmen from Asia Minor. It was a Thracian people, evidently, which built Tiryns, even as Troy was a settlement of Phrygian Thracians.

As to the downward-tapering embedded pillars which Dr. Adler, in his preface to "Tiryns," seemed to trace to the stiff hieratic art-rules of Egypt, Dr. Fergusson declared that there was only a single instance of such a style in Egypt, under Thotmes II., and that the Peloponnesian structures in question were clearly traceable to the ancient manner of building in wood which had prevailed among the Thracians in well-forested Asia Minor. At the same time, he approved of Dr. Adler's opinion as to Phrygia and Lykia having been the aboriginal home of the architectural style in Argolis. The vestige of the round timber ceiling, as formerly used in Thracian Asia Minor, Dr. Fergusson pointed out in the cross-cut of the capital of the Lions' Gate at Mykenê. In the Peloponnesus, he said, this ancient mode of building in wood was gradually changed into stone architecture. I omit entering into further interesting details. I will only add that Dr. Fergusson much regretted that Schliemann, having made so important a discovery at Tiryns, should

oppose historical testimony which had been confirmed by his excavation.

In his own previous writings, Dr. Fergusson had always spoken of a Turano-Pelasgian substratum in Greece. I was, therefore, additionally interested when hearing from him that he now was convinced of the Teutonic kinship of the Thrakians in Greece and elsewhere. When I mentioned that the immigration of the Germanic Asa race into Scandinavia had evidently come from Thrakian quarters near the Black Sea, he exclaimed: "Yes; Woden's expedition to the North!" Before we met, Dr. Fergusson had read a number of articles I had written on that subject. The main contents of the conversation above referred to I at once sent to Dr. Schliemann. I also gave at the time a report of it in the press, which I communicated to him as well as to Dr. Fergusson, so that no doubt could possibly arise as to the correct rendering of the words of the English or Scottish architect.

VI.

WHEN Dr. Schliemann gave his priceless Trojan art treasures to Germany, a great deal of disappointment was, I am afraid, felt in London. In his autobiography in that splendid work, "Ilios," he had said:—

I avail myself of this opportunity to assure the reader that, as I love and worship science for its own sake, I shall never make a traffic of it. My large collections of Trojan antiquities have a value which cannot be calculated, but they shall never be sold. If I do not present them in my lifetime, they shall at all events pass, in virtue of my last will, to the museum of the nation I love and esteem most.

Now, that was, in some degree, a Delphic utterance. In this country many expected that he would make his gift to England. However, on the title-page of his first book, and again on that of his "Mycenae" (1878), he had proudly described himself as a "citizen of the United States." In his political views, seldom as he touched upon these things, he held principles in harmony with that description. Yet, Germany, after all, was the land of his birth; and what more natural than that he should first think of his Fatherland? On the other hand, might not Greece have put in a claim by saying that the Trojan booty did, by right, belong to the descendants of those who overcame Ilios?

To whom, then, was the precious apple to fall?

Dr. Schliemann himself, no doubt, hesitated for some time. I well remember the pleasant evening when, at table, he raised a discussion on this subject. A learned Englishman, who honored German science, myself, and my wife, were his guests. Now, much as I personally should have wished to have frequent access, for the sake of study, to the Trojan treasures which then were temporarily established in the South Kensington Museum, I yet had always strongly believed that Germany would be the proper guardian of that prehistoric hoard of art. This I at once declared in a few words.

"You say that?" Schliemann asked in a tone of eagerness; "I should have imagined that you who had to leave Germany on account of your principles, and to go into exile, would not give this advice. That idea had always been present to my mind and made me doubtful."

"How?" I answered; "what difference can expatriation make in my views on such a subject? Is it possible that you, my dear friend, should ever have been able so to misunderstand me? Germany is the great workshop of learning. Her scholars are, as a rule, not blessed with wealth. Travelling to, and staying in, so expensive a town as London for the purpose of studying these Trojan treasures on the spot, is not easy for them. That is one reason for presenting the results of your researches to Germany. Then, the Trojans—as I have often explained—were of Geto-Thrakian descent, closely akin to the Germans. In a German museum, therefore, the remnants of Trojan art have their fittest place. That is the second reason. Thirdly, why should you, a German, not first remember our Fatherland?"

Schliemann looked up with some surprise, but evidently pleased. I was glad to learn from him later on, that he had dedicated his collections "To the German People." These were his own public words. By letter from Paris he requested me to treat the matter as a confidential one, until the sanction by the German emperor had been given. From Athens he afterwards wrote, on February 17th, 1881:—

I am extremely pleased to see that my labors and my donation to the German people meet with so high an appreciation on your part. But truly, I feel quite under a difficulty by the many proofs of your friendship with which you overwhelm me. Nothing would fill my wife and me with greater joy than to have you and your dear wife here with us at Athens for

some time. We have always rooms for you ready, and everything would be done by us to make the stay to you pleasant. My donation of the Trojan collection to the German people has been made known on the 7th of this month, by the publication of the letters of the German Emperor and of Prince Bismarck to me in the official Berlin Gazette, and it appears to have been received by the public with great joy. I have read with the greatest interest your essay on Germanic Mythology. I am looking forward eagerly to your treatise on "The Teutonic Kinship of the Trojans." You have, no doubt, seen that, in "Ilios," I continually point to the analogues of the Trojan things, which were found in Hungary; and it appears, therefore, that Hungary was inhabited by a Thracian people in a far-off prehistoric epoch.

This extension of the Thracian race into what is now Hungary I had repeatedly dwelt upon in various writings concerning the discoveries at Troy. In mentioning a proposed translation of his "Ilios," by Dr. Joseph Hampel, the director of the museum at Buda-Pest, Dr. Schliemann, in a letter of December 16, 1880, also wrote to me of "the numberless analogues of my Trojan finds, which appear to prove beyond doubt that Hungary was once inhabited by a Thracian people of close kinship with the Trojans of the Burnt City."

It was at Schliemann's urgent request that, in 1884, I contributed a short essay to his "Troja" on "The Germanic Kinship of Trojans and Thracians." Very frequently this subject, together with other Teutonic race-questions which were new to him when we first met, was brought up in conversation. Considering all this, I trust I shall be forgiven by Englishmen, though they also can claim Thracian affinity, for saying that I was right glad when the results of the wonderful researches of a German on the hill of Hissarlik came into the possession of the people which is of nearest blood-relationship with the doughty champions of unhappy Troy.

Often did he, in later years, during his presence in London, renew in the warmest manner the invitation to us to come to his home at Athens, the well-known splendid Iliou House, "Iliou Melathron," so called from the smoke-blackened cross-beam or rafter of ancient Greek dwellings, which afterwards meant a roof or a house generally. But the journey was on our part never undertaken. I had to be content with the imprisoned Gods of Greece in the British Museum. As I am looking over the mass of correspondence before me from Athens, from Paris, from Germany,

and from Egypt, in which the great name of Virchow also occurs, the pen refuses to describe the feeling of sadness arising from the unexpected loss of Schliemann.

Honors have been showered upon him at home and abroad. He was made an honorary D.C.L.Oxon., and honorary fellow of Queen's College, Oxford; a F.S.A.; an honorary member and gold medallist of the Royal Institute of British Architects. But why enumerate titles in presence of achievements of world-wide fame? Berlin conferred the freedom of the city upon him, an honor granted but to a very few, such as Field-Marshal Moltke. Whatever differences of opinion may now and then arise as to some details of learned interpretation, his is a name that will live forever, as long as men still interest themselves in the history of their race and in the imperishable poetry founded thereon.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
THE EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

BY JAMES SULLY.

BIOGRAPHERS of great men have been accustomed to dwell on the early surroundings of their heroes, with a view to discover what special forces acted most powerfully on their unfolding genius. Such an inquiry is of peculiar interest, for we all like to watch a colossal mind in process of making, and to know what persons in its human *entourage* have left their impress on it and helped to give it its final shape. The subject has, too, its scientific significance; for if we can find out how much or how little the well-recognized apparatus of education has commonly effected in the case of the preternaturally gifted boy or girl we may be able to gain clearer ideas respecting both the nature of genius and the scope of education.

In following out this line of inquiry it may be well to limit ourselves to men and women of letters. With the making of these the recognized systems of instruction appear to be specially concerned, seeing that scholarship or book-lore forms so important an ingredient in the penman's craft, even in its lighter branches. In the case of the musician or the painter, on the other hand, there is no such obvious relation between professional competence and the common learning of the schools; and the same holds good in the case of the man of active enterprise, as the politician and the soldier.

In tracing the action on the gifted child of his human instructors our eye is arrested at the outset by the parent. How much, one naturally asks, has the mother, the father, or other natural guardian of the future hero contributed to the development of his extraordinary powers? It must be confessed that the sources of our knowledge are here very scanty. We have to depend almost exclusively on the great man's late recollection of his parents. And it is evident that with respect to the influence of the mother more particularly, which is greatest in the first years, even the most tenacious memory is likely to keep but a faulty record. Let us, however, turn to such facts as we can gather.

That a great man's mother has in many cases had something to do with directing and forming his intelligence and character is known to all readers. The name of Goethe will at once occur to the student of literature. Biographers are agreed that this favorite of the gods was indulged at the outset with the very perfection of a poet's mother. Her bright companionship and her cultivated taste for fiction must have had a powerful effect in directing the first movements of the boy's imagination. Scott received a somewhat similar benefit from a mother whose richly stored and active memory familiarized the frail child with the picturesque traditions of his country. Lamartine, Kotzebue, and others, dwell lovingly on the first years spent at the feet of a revered mother. Others who are known to have had a mother of more than ordinary intelligence and refinement are Bacon, Schiller, Heine, De Quincey, Macaulay, Lytton, Grote, and Victor Hugo.

At the same time, while no doubt mothers of gifted children have frequently exerted a powerful influence on their feelings and character but few have done much to mould their intellects. How often does one meet in biographical works with the observation that the mother of the hero was in no way remarkable. Indeed it would seem, according to the careful researches of Mr. Francis Galton, that we are apt to over-estimate the influence of the mother on the man of genius. It must be remembered, too, that a woman may be clever and yet through peculiarities of temperament or taste disqualified from exerting a beneficial influence on the growth of a great intellect. This state of things seems to be illustrated in the case of Sheridan and Schopenhauer. Still more frequently has this incompatibility shown itself between an intellectual mother and

a gifted daughter. The two best known instances of this meet us in the biographies of Madame de Staël and Miss Martineau, each of whom had a strong-minded but unsympathetic mother. Altogether the outcome of our inquiry into the intellectual obligation of great men to their mothers is disappointing. Nor, in the majority of cases, is the mother proved to have set a deep educational mark on that side of the great man's nature which we might have expected even an unintellectual mother to influence, viz., the feelings and character.

If now we turn to the part taken by the father in furthering the development of genius we appear to reach more satisfactory results. In the majority of cases the father of the gifted child seems to have been stronger both in intellect and in character than the mother, and in not a few instances he has taken an active part in superintending if not actually assisting in his studies.

Here, again, the case of Goethe occurs to one. His father was not only a cultivated man who set much store by learning, but, like some others of his time, had a decided relish for amateur pedagogy, a fact plainly attested by his success in keeping his wife to a diligent practice of writing, piano-playing, and singing for some years after their marriage. Of the careful way in which he arranged and carried out by the help of special masters the early instruction of his talented boy every reader of the poet's autobiography is well aware. In other cases the gifted child was made the subject of an educational experiment by his sire. How J. S. Mill's father set to work in a manner all his own to educate the precocious student is known to everybody as also what the pupil himself, as well as others, thought of the whole result of the experiment. A very different kind of plan was pursued by the father of another juvenile philosopher. Schopenhauer's father followed the very reverse method of that pursued by the sire of Richard Feverel in Mr. George Meredith's instructive story. He took his son about to see the world before he attacked books, an innovation in the method of instruction for which the pupil was afterwards grateful. A case of more orthodox paternal tuition is to be met with in Mill's patron, Jeremy Bentham, who learnt Latin grammar and the Greek alphabet sitting on his father's knee. Coleridge and Thirlwall each received his earliest instruction from a well-educated father, a clergyman. The two German

poets, Wieland and Lessing, had a similar advantage. Both Herder and Jean Paul Richter were taught the rudiments of learning by fathers who were schoolmasters. In some cases of paternal tuition the father was himself a man of some distinction. This applies, for example, to Niebuhr the historian, to Tasso, and to the second Pitt.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting cases of paternal education are to be found in the biography of eminent women. Quite a number of these have received the chief part of their instruction from their father. Among English writers the name of Mrs. Barbauld furnishes an excellent example. A very precocious child she was early taken in hand by her father, a dissenting clergyman and a tutor at an academy, and rapidly acquired with his help not only modern languages but Latin and Greek. Miss Edgeworth was educated from a very early age by her father, an intellectual man, who, later on, after her return from a fashionable boarding-school, supervised and co-operated in her early literary efforts. Miss Austen was educated at home under the superintendence of her father, a clergyman who kept pupils. Mrs. Browning also acquired her learning at home and under the watchful care of her father, who happily combined with the leisure of a country gentleman a lively interest in his delicate and gifted child's intellectual aspirations, and, like Mr. Edgeworth, encouraged and advised as to the publication of the first girlish productions. The father of the Brontë girls not only conducted their early instruction but directed their whole bringing up, and he appears to have had deeply rooted pedagogic opinions of his own. Mrs. Gaskell, the biographer of Charlotte, was herself educated by her father, a gentleman of much more culture and insight into his child's nature than that singular parent, the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Among French female writers the influence of the father on education is less marked. Madame de Staël's father, the eminent financial minister, is known to have exerted a happy influence over his child, and to have tempered by his warm tenderness the rigor of the mother's discipline. Madame de Sévigné, early left an orphan, was carefully guided in her studies by her uncle, with whom she lived, and who may be said to have stood *in loco parentis*. On the other hand we have instances of the failure of paternal pedagogics, as in the biography of Madame Roland.

It will thus be seen that the father figures honorably among the educators of the great. It must not be supposed however that in all or even the majority of the cases quoted, the pedagogic function entailed any very onerous duties in the way of systematic teaching. In the case of most of the gifted women just referred to, it is expressly told us that the child's assiduity in learning was the outcome of her own eager thirst for information, and that the paternal or other male tutorship was limited to a very gentle guidance of self-prompted effort. We must remember further that while a respectable number of fathers of distinguished men and women have thus taken a lively interest in their intellectual development, others have failed altogether to appreciate and further their children's aspirations. A well-known instance is Shelley's father, of whom it has been said "that he was everything a poet's father ought not to have been."

We may now pass to the professional representative of the business of teaching, viz., the schoolmaster. A large proportion of distinguished men of letters have come more or less under his control, and it becomes an interesting question how much he has contributed by his well-known system to their efficiency and success. Happily the facts are much more accessible here. The school-experience falls late enough in the lifetime to be distinctly recalled by the subject of it in after years; and in the accounts of themselves given us by distinguished men we meet with quite a wealth of school reminiscence. In many cases too we are able to test the fidelity of the great man's memory by the testimony of others.

There is no doubt that a number of eminent men have distinguished themselves when at school by their capacity for learning, and their general intelligence. As might be expected, this pre-eminence shows itself most markedly among those who afterwards won a reputation in the graver occupations of scholarship, science, etc. Among eminent scholars the name of Erasmus affords one of the most brilliant examples of boyish erudition, easily acquired. The youthful prodigy Thirlwall must have excited the awe of his schoolfellows by the ponderous epistles he used to indite to them in Latin and French. A number of scientific men were decided school successes. Galileo, Kepler, Cuvier, and others were distinguished for their eagerness, and their rapidity in learning. Among philosophers, Hobbes and Kant may be instanced as good learners. It is

however among lawyers that we come across the most brilliant school-reputations. Grotius was so forward with his studies, that he was ripe for the university by twelve. Yet even this feat of early scholarship is perhaps more than matched by Bentham, who went up to Oxford at the age of thirteen, after winning a reputation at Westminster for Latin and Greek verse. Another precocity, Brougham, left school at the same early age at the head of the fifth form.

Among men of letters in the narrower sense, we meet, too, with instances of first-rate success at school. Dante was a hard student, and under his teacher, Brunetto Latini, of whom he speaks with gratitude, he mastered the secret of classical lore. Milton, too, was, as everybody knows, a diligent and successful classical scholar. He was fortunate, like Dante, in having good teachers, and in his Fourth Elegy, addressed to his tutor Young, he expresses his gratitude to him for having infused into his mind a love of learning. Voltaire and Le Sage, both taught by the Jesuits, are said to have been good learners. Johnson learnt "by intuition" and easily rose to the top of his class. He owns his obligations to the pedagogic authorities for having "whipped" a sufficiency of Latin into him. Lessing was an excellent learner, and soon outgrew his school. The rector's report of him says: "He is a horse that needs double rations." Maucaluly was a diligent scholar, and read far beyond the requirements of his school. Leopardi, taught by a private tutor, showed himself a veritable prodigy in learning. Alfred de Musset attained the rare distinction among poets of being at the head of his school. E. A. Poe, again, was both at school and college at the head of his class. In addition to such instances of first-rate success at school, there are numerous cases of respectable scholastic attainments, such as Smollett, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and even the refractory Heine.

It is to be added that more than one eminent man have acknowledged their indebtedness to the schoolmaster. In addition to the names of Dante and Milton already cited, one may instance Burke, who, speaking of the Quaker school where he was instructed, says: "If I am anything it is the education I had there has made me so." More than one distinguished pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, including the poet Clough, have expressed a warm appreciation of his excellent training.

While we thus find among those des-
LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXIII. 3775

tinued to fame a certain number of school successes, there confronts us an appalling array of instances of unmistakable failure — failure, that is to say, from the school-master's and the respectable parent's point of view.

To begin with, we hear that some of the ablest writers were bad learners in this sense that they would not apply their minds to their school-tasks, but were desultory and idle, given to reverie and to odd caprices in the matter of reading, sometimes with the natural result of getting credit for being dunces. Newton and Scott were both dilatory scholars, though on occasions they would make a spurt and prove what they could do. Goldsmith earned for himself among his schoolfellows the reputation of a "stupid, heavy blockhead." Coleridge, too, when at Christ's Hospital, was much given to desultory reading. Balzac is a clear instance of a school failure. Instead of setting himself like a proper boy to master the prescribed subjects he buried himself in mystic literature and indulged in day dreaming. He went out of his way too to write a treatise on the human will, an irregularity which one of his masters naturally enough punished by committing the MS. to the flames. Perhaps, however, the typical instance of the stupidity of genius is Rousseau. He was a thorough dunce and knew it, though he tries to account for it by a hypersensitive nature.

In addition to these laggards in learning a number of gifted men have been branded as school-rebels. A well-known instance is Pope, who when at school showed his taste for vituperation by lampooning his master. Voltaire, too, displayed a precocious rebelliousness against the powers that be. Addison is said to have run away from school after committing some breach of discipline. He was also the leader of a "barring out" at the grammar school, to which he afterwards went. Southey as is well known was expelled from school for penning a spirited article on flogging in a school publication. Byron was another rebel against the scholastic powers. He hated Harrow, found the drudgeries of accurate scholarship intolerable, and was "famous for rowing." The defiance by young genius of scholastic powers is well illustrated by the incident that Sterne relates out of his school life. The master, he tells us, "had had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-washed, and the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, 'LAU.

STERNE," an act for which the usher naturally flogged him, though the master (according to Sterne) administered balm to his wounds in the shape of a flattering prophecy.

In addition to the dunces and the rebels, we have as a third class of school failures, the unhappy victims. A boy who is delicate, reserved, and awkward in his manners, is apt to have a rough time of it at school, and a number of highly gifted boys have unfortunately answered to this description. Cowper's miserable experiences at his first school in Hertfordshire are well known, as also his bitter invective against school education in his poem, "Tirocinium." Goldsmith, too, was a small, awkwardly shaped boy, and had the unenviable distinction of being the butt of the school. De Quincey, who had shown himself a brilliant pupil at Bath, went through such a doleful time of it at Manchester Grammar School that, after three years, he ran off. Quite recently, Mr. Anthony Trollope has given us his miserable recollections of Rugby. Nor have these unhappy school experiences been confined to eminent Englishmen. Schiller found the mechanical drudgery of the Duke of Wurtemberg's School irritating and galling, and says that the six years he passed there were the most harassing and comfortless of his whole life. Lamartine was so unhappy at school that he had to be removed and entrusted to a private tutor.

Finally, in this record of ill-schooled genius we have a number of testimonies in the writings of eminent men to the low opinion they entertained of the scholastic institution. Besides the poem of Cowper, there are the amusing satires of Heine in the "Reisebilder." It is possible that we have a reminiscence of his own experiences in the following: "In the dark cloisters of the Franciscan convent, which were close to our schoolroom, there used to hang a big crucifix of grey wood, a grim carving which even now at times haunts my dreams, and stares at me mournfully with bleeding eyes. Before this image I often stood and prayed. 'O thou poor Deity, once tortured like myself, if it be possible, grant that I may remember the *verba irregularia*.'" Shelley is supposed to be referring to his experiences at Eton in the lines:—

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Thackeray, in his earlier writings, has

shown his feeling of piety towards the Charterhouse School, where he was educated, by calling it Slaughterhouse.

Altogether, it cannot be said that the boys who afterwards proved themselves to have been the most highly gifted, shone with much lustre at school, or found themselves in happy harmony with their school environment.

The record of the doings of genius at college is not greatly different. No doubt a number of the ablest men have won university distinctions. In a few cases, indeed, a thoroughly original man has carried everything before him. Thus, among the senior wranglers we find the name of Paley, the eminent theologian. The mathematician, Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, is said to have "completely mastered" the mathematics of his college at the age of fifteen. The metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, won high distinctions both at Glasgow and Oxford. Among famous names that distinguished themselves by winning honors in classics (including English verse) may be mentioned Cowley, Coleridge, and Macaulay.

At the same time it may safely be said that a very small proportion of the men of genius who have visited our universities have presaged their after fame by high academic distinction. Thus it has been computed that, though Cambridge has been rich in poets, only four appear in her honors lists.* Not only so, we know that some of the ablest men have proved signal failures at college. Goldsmith was quite as famous at college as at school for incorrigible stupidity, and only just managed to scrape through his degree, the lowest down in the list. Swift disputes with Goldsmith the distinction of greatest dunce, seeing that he could not even obtain his degree, breaking down in the definition of a syllogism. A third distinguished member of the same college, Edmund Burke, was a very irregular student. He had spurts of study, or, as he calls them, "sallies of passion," but, unfortunately, the direction of these crazes did not coincide with that of the prescribed curriculum, so that he would be diving deep into natural philosophy when he ought to have been giving his mind to logic. Among other desultory learners at college, we may include Gibbon. The fourteen months he spent at Oxford, he writes, "proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." Southey's is a

* On this point some interesting particulars are given in an article on "Senior Wranglers," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. 45, p. 225.

very similar case. He was so dead to the advantages of college lectures that his tutor advised him to discontinue attendance on his course.

In many cases we have, too, clear signs of a disposition to rebel against the discipline and routine of college life. Milton was a most indocile undergraduate, and, according to rumor, kicked so vigorously against either the discipline or the exercises of his college, that he brought on himself a flogging. Dryden must have been a bit of a rebel at Cambridge, for we read of his being discommoded and gated for a fortnight for disobedience and contumacy, and he afterwards wrote of his *alma mater* in the lines:—

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university.

Wordsworth, like Milton, was intractable and headstrong at college. Shelley, as everybody knows, was an unruly subject at Oxford. He objected fiercely to the prescribed studies, scouted Aristotle, and ended by getting himself expelled for holding atheistic opinions. Others who keenly disliked the fixed routine of tutors and college exercises were Johnson, whose love for Oxford was qualified by a fervid hatred of her tutors, and Gray, who complained bitterly of having to endure lectures daily and hourly, and having to waste his time over mathematics. Among foreign writers Heine is certainly the university black sheep. He was unabashed in his contempt for professors. At Bonn, where he went ostensibly to study law, he disdained hearing any lectures but those on history and literature by A. W. von Schlegel; and at Göttingen and Berlin he showed a like royal determination to have his own way. At the former seat of learning he was rusticated for challenging another student to a duel, a fact which may perhaps help us to understand the satire hurled against the pedantic little place in the "Harzreise." At Berlin he succeeded at last in fighting a duel, an occurrence which happily cut short not his life but only his university career.

We find further that more than one distinguished man have expressed in later life their low estimate of university training. In addition to the names of Milton, Dryden, and the others already mentioned, there are those of three of our profoundest philosophers, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke, each of whom inveighed against the scholastic trifling with which the years passed at the university are mostly consumed.

The university tale then seems to be but a prolongation of the school story. The men whose names should have shed most lustre on their university appear to have profited but little by its characteristic educational system, and in not a few cases they have declared themselves its decided antagonists.

While we thus learn that the net result of our accepted pedagogic system when applied to the biggest brains is decidedly small, we have further to note that many a distinguished man has done fairly well without the aid of this system. This applies not only to the later and more luxurious education of the university, but even to what we are in the habit of thinking the necessary schooling of early years. In many cases this elementary tuition was from poverty or other causes so irregular and scanty that the process of learning became in an exceptional sense self-tuition. This applies to Franklin, Livingstone, Pope, Burns, Dickens, and many another.

The conclusion that seems to be forced on us by the study of the lives of men of letters is that they owe a remarkably small portion of their learning to the established machinery of instruction. A good number have only very imperfectly come under the influence of the educational system, while a large fraction of those who have been more fully subjected to it have been too little in harmony with its spirit and methods to derive from it any large and substantial profit.

A part of this failure to benefit from the prescribed appliances of tuition must no doubt be set down to their own imperfections. For it must be remembered that a lad gifted with exceptional mental powers is much more likely to feel any such defect than a boy of mediocre parts. The scholastic trifling that excited the indignation of Bacon and of Milton was probably considered by the bulk of their contemporaries as a highly edifying pursuit, and "the trade in classic niceties" that offended the soul of Cowley, very likely seemed a quite proper occupation to the average undergraduate of his time.

There is no doubt, too, that the established system has up to quite recent years at least, been far too inelastic in forcing the same subjects of study on all alike without reference to individual tastes and aptitudes. Gray, whose residence at Cambridge coincided with a low state of scholarship, complained with some reason of the time he had to "waste" over mathematics.

But there is, one suspects, deeper reason for the ill adaptation of the original youth to the accepted systems of tuition. The schoolmaster armed with the last argument of the pedagogue implies, as his proper correlative, the laggard learner with a rooted prejudice in favor of play. And the whole elaborate machinery of the school, and even of the college, too, has sprung mainly out of this dire necessity of driving stubborn youth to the waters of learning. Now boys and girls possessed of real genius are, as we have seen, commonly characterized by a furious appetite for knowledge of various kinds. "Omnivorous reader" is a recurring description of such exceptionally endowed youths. Hence they feel from the outset that the pedagogic system is not for them.

But this is not all or the worst. The prescribed system, however elastic, must, it is obvious, enforce the methodical study of some particular branches of learning. It is indispensable that the average boy should be kept pegging away at certain subjects, and the average boy offers no serious-objection just because he feels no particular desire to rove into other fields of study. But the eager mind of a Gibbon or of a Cowley, reaching out with its omnivorous cravings, feels itself "cabinéd, cribbed, confined" by these restrictions. It is the habit of genius to pasture over a wide area of ideas, scenting out just what pleases its palate best, and what as a rule proves most nourishing to its own special capacity, and anything in the shape of a tether is galling to it. When to these intellectual peculiarities of genius we add the common moral accompaniments, a highly sensitive temperament, a pride apt to wax arrogant, and a passionate love of liberty, one can easily understand how it has come to pass that so large a fraction of the ablest men have in their youth taken up an attitude of hostility to scholastic rule.

But does it follow that because the possessor of genius is not well fitted to reap the particular benefits of our pedagogic system, he is really independent of educational forces and influences altogether? This is not an uncommon view, and it has much to support it. When, for example, we read of the little foundling, D'Alembert, urging his way to knowledge, through the ridicule of his foster-mother, and the discouragements of his schoolmaster, we are apt to think that the true intellectual giant stands from the first in self-sufficing isolation from his kind. But such an idea is clearly an exaggeration of the fact.

However keen and strong the impulse towards knowledge in a boy, his attainment of it obviously depends on the presence of humanly appointed sources, if only a well-stocked library over which he can wander at will. More than this, it is indisputable that the greatest of men will be the stronger for a wise intellectual and moral guidance in their early years. Would Goethe have been Goethe if, instead of his early home-surroundings, with their comparative opulence, their refinement, their various striking personalities, and their carefully thought-out plan of education, he had lighted say on the environment of a Chatterton?

It is nothing less than a profound error to suppose that the plant of genius grows into fruitful maturity, whether or no there are the kindly influences of sun and rain to play upon it. One would rather say that, in a sense a boy or girl possessing the divine flame is more subject to the human forces of his surroundings than the ordinary child. The biography of George Eliot may remind us how delicately sensitive to the impress of other minds the great mind often is. The difference in susceptibility to others' influence in the case of the ordinary and the highly gifted youth may perhaps be roughly defined by saying that while the former is assimilated the latter assimilates. For the original boy vital contact with another mind means in a special manner the awakening of new forms of individual activity. And this being so, it follows that the profounder kind of influence will only be exerted by a comparative few, viz., those marked personalities whose peculiar intellectual or moral traits have the perfect adaptation and the force needed for fertilization.

A survey of the page of biography fully illustrates this truth. Even the splendidly gifted boy who has chafed under the small restraints and irksome impositions of the schoolmaster, has shown himself most apt to learn when the right teacher has presented himself. Lamb and Coleridge were thus fortunate when at Christ's Hospital in having in Mr. Boyer a master who made his boys study Milton and Shakespeare, along with the Greek tragic poets. Byron's general dissatisfaction with Harrow was tempered by sincere regard for one of its masters, the Rev. Jos. Drury.

It is not however in the regularly appointed educational authority that the original youth commonly finds this fertilizing influence. Sometimes it is a mem-

be
a l
ha
cal
to
tiv
nar
it i
mi
vel
clo
ger
res
has
mor
hun
dan
muc
fath
mon
the
Geo
ble
peas
four
licit
O
is af
will
It w
leav
further
bung
a ne
culia
shall
peda

vo
TH
one o
litera
dinar
annal
dram
Volta
which
very r
he di
all pr
by th
would
seau's
feion
for m
betwe
that it
propor

ber of the family, for example, a sister or a brother. The grandmother appears to have played quite a considerable part in calling out new activities, possibly owing to the profound influence on an imaginative child of the far-off antiquity of her narrated experiences. In other instances it is the school or college friend who thus ministers to the exalted individual's development. Nor is it merely by such close and permanent attachments that genius has nourished itself. The quickly responsive mind of the gifted boy or girl has known how to draw intellectual and moral sustenance from many a temporary human contact. Madame de Staël, Madame D'Arblay, and Mrs. Barbauld owed much to the intellectual talk of their fathers' guests. Heine found something more profitable than the schoolmaster in the drummers of Napoleon's army. George Sand acquired a lore more valuable than that of books from the village peasants with whom she mingled. Balzac found even the dreary offices of the solicitor and the notary full of instruction.

Our study of the way in which genius is affected by its surroundings has not, it will be said, led to anything very definite. It will not do exactly for the educator to leave it alone; and yet in his attempts to further its growth he is very likely to bungle. For every true son of genius is a new individuality needing its own peculiar forms of sustenance. Who then shall be bold enough to suggest a general pedagogic rule where all is so uncertain?

From Temple Bar.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS FIRST EXILE.

THE eighteenth century will ever form one of the most remarkable epochs in the literature of France, and the most extraordinary character to be met with in the annals of that age, as poet, philosopher, dramatist, or historian, is unquestionably Voltaire. The contemporary idea of him which possessed the English mind was very much formed from the attacks which he directed against religion, and was in all probability represented fairly enough by the saying of Dr. Johnson, that he would sooner sign a sentence for Rousseau's transportation than that of any felon who had gone from the Old Bailey for many years, and that the difference between him and Voltaire was so slight that it "would be difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

Then it came to pass that his memory became the reflection of a "fleering, shallow scoffer," some sort of human monkey grimacing at all things virtuous and good, whom our forefathers learned to detest. But when the right sense of historic proportion is developed in men's minds, says Mr. Morley, the name of Voltaire will stand forth with the names of other great decisive movements of European progress, such, for instance, as the Reformation, the great revival of northern Europe, or the Renaissance, the earlier revival of the south. Voltairism, whatever opinions are held respecting it, may be said to have owed its birth to the flight of its founder from Paris to London, an event which was the turning point of his life, serving as it did to extend his views, complete his education, and make a man of him. He left France, as it has been expressed, a poet, he returned to it as a sage. It was about the middle of May, 1726, when he was in the thirty-third year of his age, that Voltaire first set foot on English soil, and even then he could look back upon a troubled past and years filled with "strife, contention, impatience, and restless production." The retrospect need not be a lengthy one.

When Prussia was yet a dukedom, while William and Mary reigned in England and Louis XIV. had still twenty-one years of life before him, as Newton was about to become master of the mint, and Dryden was translating Virgil, François Marie Arouet was born, November, 1694, the second son of M. François Arouet, a notary of some repute. As with Homer and the great Duke of Wellington, his birthplace is unknown or in dispute, as though his life had been beset by the spirit of scepticism from its very commencement. Like Fontenelle, he came into the world a puny infant, with but a flickering breath of life in him, and like him also, not only enjoyed unusual length of days but retained extraordinary faculties unimpaired to the very last. In the autumn of 1704, a few weeks after the battle of Blenheim, young Arouet, aged ten, was sent to the Eton of eighteenth-century France — the Jesuit college of Louis-le-Grand, Rue S. Jacques — in the very heart of old Paris, at the time attended by two thousand boys of the most distinguished families of the kingdom. Here he remained as a boarder seven years, and learned, as he says, "Latin and nonsense." Yet even before he had been a year at school he gave proof of the unsurpassed faculty for facile verse-making which always distinguished him.

and some of his compositions written about the age of twelve were notable enough to be referred to in the *salon* of Ninon de l'Enclos, a friend of his mother, then a lively old lady turned of eighty. Young Arouet's godfather was the Abbé de Châteauneuf (Ninon's last lover), whose clerical reputation lay chiefly in the line of gallantry, and he it was who brought the little poet to make his bow to the venerable fair one whose perennial charms had been worshipped by so many generations of lovers. The veteran Aspasia was delighted with the boy, his ready answers, sprightly talk, and manners of the prettiest, and Ninon's famous legacy of eighty guineas with which to purchase books, was the fruit of the visit. But to the poetry of schooldays quickly succeeds the prose of life, and it ere long became necessary for François to think of a profession. "I desire none," said the youth, "except that of literature." But literature, in the opinion of his father, was the pursuit of a man who would soon die of hunger, and so, though law, with its wigs and sheepskins pointing towards high honors and deep flesh-pots, had no charm for him, he became a law student, and ultimately an *avocat* with the right of pleading for money, as he himself put it, if he had a loud enough voice. And in the sequel, young Arouet's voice proved so loud that his pleadings were heard in courts far wider and more extensive than those of the French capital.

Meanwhile, he was eighteen, and in Paris, and had an occupation which it was a pleasure to him to neglect. His godfather the abbé had introduced him to other votaries of pleasure besides the aged Ninon, among others to the Epicurean Society of the Temple — the ancient monastery of the Templars, where in later times Louis XVI. and his family were confined — which chiefly existed for the purposes of elegant and sometimes by no means elegant dissipation. He himself was nowise lacking in some of the most remarkable qualifications for social success. Madame de Genlis admits that he alone of the men of his century possessed the lost art of talking to women as women love to be talked to; and a portrait of him painted when he was four-and-twenty shows him "full of grace and spirit, with a mocking mouth, refined profile, possessed of the air of a gentleman, a luminous forehead, and a fine hand in a fine ruffe."

Distressed and annoyed at the loose and extravagant habits of his younger son,

M. Arouet made interest with the Marquis de Châteauneuf, surviving brother of the godfather abbé, to take young François with him as page to the Hague, where he had just been appointed French ambassador. The marquis and suite arrived at their destination September 28, 1713; but the diplomatic career of the *attaché* was a short one, for — rash boy of nineteen — he lost little time in falling into new misadventure by conceiving an undying passion for a young countrywoman without a sou, daughter of a Madame Dunoyen, wife of a French Catholic gentleman from whom she was separated. Olimpe Dunoyen, then a young lady of twenty-one, was not exactly pretty, as Voltaire used to say some sixty years after, though amiable and winsome, romantic and adventurous to a degree. October and November passed away, and still "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again;" but alas! one dreadful evening early in December, when the page returned to the embassy, the ambassador confronted him, informed him that all was discovered, and that he must hold himself in readiness for immediate departure. To the last day of his stay the love-stricken swain sent long letters to the lady of his dreams, continuing to write even from the cabin of the yacht which bore him from the enchanted shore. A year or two later the fascinating "Pimpette" became a countess — Madame la Comtesse de Winterfeld — but her lover, to the end of his days, preserved a tender recollection of the woman he had so ardently loved in the springtime of life, when the "world lay all enamelled before him, a distant prospect sungilt."

In the autumn of 1715 Louis XIV. slept with his fathers, and the Regent d'Orleans reigned in his stead. Presently some satirical verses appeared entitled, "Things that I have seen," wherein the writer enumerated a number of evil things that he had remarked in the late reign, and as the piece was so arranged that nearly every line began with *J'ai vu*, the poem was commonly called *Les j'ai vu*. The last line ran that all these ills the writer had seen, and yet was not twenty years old: —

J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans.

The police, because Voltaire was twenty-two and known as a writer of epigrams, thought this sufficient evidence to prove him the author of the libel, and in reply to his remonstrance an escort conducted him to an octagonal chamber — subsequently shown to visitors, as long as the building stood, as Voltaire's room — in

one of the towers of the Bastille, where he was put under triple bolts with ten feet of solid and ancient masonry between him and the May day world of Paris. But never did captive possess a lighter heart. The brightness of the world shut out, he employed himself, though denied pen, ink, and paper, upon his epic poem "La Henriade," one entire canto of which is said to have come to him in the stillness of the night watches. After nearly eleven months' imprisonment the poet was permitted once more to look upon the sky and the gardens of the Palais Royal. One resolution he formed in the silence of his solitary cell — to change his name when he was restored to freedom; he had not succeeded well as Arouet, henceforth he would court Fortune's smiles as Arouet de Voltaire. Why he chose that name is an enigma not yet solved, the most probable explanation being that it was the anagram of Arouet, l. j. (*le jeune*); at any rate, he entered the Bastille in May, 1717, François Marie Arouet, he came out of the Bastille the April following, Arouet de Voltaire. It is said that a nobleman of the court about this time conducted him to an interview with the regent. "Be patient," the prince is reported to have said to him, "and I will take care of you." "I thank your Royal Highness for taking care of my board," returned the irrepressible youth, "but I beg of you to trouble yourself no further for my lodging."

In the year 1718 his first tragedy, "Œdipe," was produced with decisive success, and performed forty-five successive nights — a run not previously equalled on the French stage. The story goes that at one of the performances the author, exulting in his triumph, appeared holding up the high priest's train and swinging it this way and that, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, as though laughter holding both his sides and not gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall, came sweeping by. Madame de Villars, the beautiful wife of Louis XIV.'s famous marshal, inquired who the young man was who seemed so desirous to ruin the play. Upon learning that it was the author, she desired that he might be brought to her box and presented to her. She cast her eyes on him, and the kindly glance bestowed in the susceptible hour of success was followed perchance by other glances; at any rate the poet fell prostrate before the charms of the lovely wife of the hero of Denain. She did but play with him, however, tradition would have us believe; and as Goethe tells us that his love affair

with Frederika caused him to lose two entire years of his life, so Voltaire was wont to express contrition for the fruitless passion which for a while completely arrested his powers of thought and work.

In the month of December, 1725, young Arouet was dining one evening with the duke at the Hotel de Sully, still recognizable as 143 Rue S. Antoine,* when a servant came up to him, and whispered that some one wished to speak with him at the house door. He found there a hackney coach with two men, who forthwith laid hands on him and belabored him over the shoulders with sticks, while the Chevalier de Rohan, a dissolute man about town, and nephew of his host, and with whom Voltaire had had a quarrel some few evenings previously at the opera, encouraged his "workmen" in their task. With torn frills and deranged hair the young poet rushed back into the palace and demanded vengeance of the duke on the aggressor. But Monseigneur de Sully only shrugged his shoulders and proposed nothing, and Voltaire, thus deprived of any satisfaction by the law, attempted to vindicate himself by calling out the person who had insulted him. He set to work to take fencing lessons, the Rohan family were uneasy, the police on the *qui vive*, a *lettre de cachet* was procured, and Voltaire once again found himself a prisoner in the Bastille. But there was no desire to keep him in confinement, and as he expressed his willingness to take a run across the Channel and visit "the land of free thought and free writing," his offer was gladly accepted; he was released on the 2nd of May, and within a week shook from off his feet the dust of ungrateful France. But his friends in Paris did not forget him, and ere long Horace Walpole, ambassador at the French court, brother of Sir Robert, then prime minister of England, wrote at the instance of the French minister for foreign affairs, commending the refugee from the city of the Bastille to the good offices of Bubb Doddington. The letter opened the doors of the great Whig houses of the kingdom to the exile, as his previous acquaintance with Bolingbroke, whom he had visited at his place, La Source, some five miles from Orleans in the opening days of 1723, gave him favorable access to the circles of the Tory party.

It was one of the most beautiful days of May, nature pranking herself in her spring robe of green leaves, of many-colored blossoms and of golden sunshine, when

* Parton's Life of Voltaire, vol. i., p. 185.

Voltaire first set foot on British soil at Greenwich. It chanced, it would seem, to have been the day of the great Greenwich Fair, and the traveller describes the river as covered with shipping, gay with flags in honor of the king and queen, who were upon the water in a gilded barge, escorted by boats with bands of music. Continuing his rambles, he passed into the park, and as he viewed the crowds of well-dressed citizens, the beauty of the women, the horse-races, the river, and the mighty city in the distance, the exile was willing to believe that England was always gay, its skies ever clear and bright, and the people intent upon naught but pleasure. Such were his first hours in England, but he was soon to learn that there had been much illusion for him in the scene. He was in London the same evening, and met, as he relates, some ladies of fashion, perhaps at Lord Bolingbroke's house at Battersea. But they lacked the air of vivacity which he had remarked in the gay crowd who participated in the ravishing spectacle which he had witnessed at Greenwich, they even seemed constrained and reserved as they sat sipping their tea, flirting their fans, talking scandal or playing cards. Nor was it long ere one of these fine ladies explained to the perplexed foreigner that the scene he had witnessed with so much satisfaction in the morning was not one which people of fashion would frequent, that the pretty girls he had so greatly admired were only servants or rustics, and that the brilliant youths who had caracoled so gaily about the park were probably students or apprentices on hired horses.

Quickly too was the stranger to view another side of the shield, and learn how often, in England at all events, "winter lingering chills the lap of May," for next day the wind was east, and a fashionable physician explained to him that at such a time the very animals wore a dejected look, and the most robust lost at least all their good humor, assuring him that the wind blew from that quarter when Charles I.'s head was cut off and when James II. was dethroned.

No long time after, Voltaire was upon the Thames one day in a boat, when one of the rowers observing that his passenger was a foreigner, began to boast the superior liberty of his country, declaring with the added emphasis of an oath, that he would rather be a boatman on the Thames than an archbishop in France. The following day Voltaire saw the very same man in prison, ironed, and praying an alms

from the passers-by, and so took occasion to ask him whether he still thought so scurvily of a French archbishop. "Ah, sir," replied the man, "what an abominable government we have! They have forced me away from my wife and children to serve in one of the king's ships, and have put me in prison and chained my feet lest I should run away before the vessel sails." Some days later Voltaire visited Newmarket, where he beheld, besides the king and royal family, a great number of the nobility and a "prodigious number of the swiftest horses in Europe flying round the course, ridden by little postilions in silk jackets;" but he appears to have remarked more swindling than magnificence about the assemblage, and, on the whole, to have preferred Greenwich Park to Newmarket Races.

Voltaire was thirty-two years of age when he thus found himself compelled to begin the world anew in a foreign land, of whose language he was almost entirely ignorant, while, to add to his misfortunes, he lost some twenty thousand francs soon after his arrival in England owing to the failure of a Jewish banker.

Nevertheless he rose to the occasion and with characteristic energy set himself to study English. An amusing story is told of him about this time. Finding that the word *plague* with six letters was monosyllabic, and that *ague* with only the four last letters of *plague* was dissyllabic, he fervently desired that the plague might take half the English language and the *ague* the remainder. But the progress he made in his studies was remarkably rapid, and when he had been at work a little over a year, he was able to write the following lines of English verse to Lady Laura Harley, whom he greatly admired, though her husband put a speedy end to the romance:—

Laura, would you know the passion

You have kindled in my breast?

Trifling is the inclination

That by words can be expressed.

In my silence see the lover—

True love is by silence known;

In my eyes you'll best discover

All the power of your own.

Ultimately Voltaire succeeded in translating portions of *Hudibras* into good English verse, though he never learned how to spell the name of the party whom he describes as "Wighs." Proper names generally seem to have proved somewhat of a stumbling-block to him; thus, Sir John Vanbrugh figures as "Chevalier Wanbruck," and the identity of Mrs.

Old
Nar
her
"O
for
atte
gl
plea
who
Bei
anxi
Bri
race
foes
enci
thus
"B
mis
you
such
last
but,
crov
F
Mai
whe
whi
in o
Celle
who
us a
all
Wa
Fall
at C
to e
he w
thei
V
ever
it is
form
cont
not
also
may
from
gues
new
freq
dinn
so l
— th
rose
He l
Pete
brou
Gay
Swif
Ang
Volt
Fabr

Oldfield the actress — Pope's "poor Narcissa" — is almost lost when we find her apostrophized as "Ofilds" or even "Ophils." Well was it on one occasion for Voltaire that he had thus turned his attention to acquiring a knowledge of English, which, by the way, he still took a pleasure in speaking as a very old man when upwards of eighty years of age. Being followed one day by a furious crowd anxious to make him comprehend how Britons in Hogarth's time felt towards the race whom they regarded as their natural foes, the poet lost not a whit of his presence of mind, but mounting a mile-stone, thus addressed the infuriated rabble: "Brave Englishmen, is it not sufficient misfortune not to have been born among you?" He spoke, we are assured, with such eloquence, that the people wished at last to carry him home on their shoulders, but, knowing well the capriciousness of crowds, the exile wisely slunk away.

For some time Voltaire resided in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, the street wherein Turner the painter was born, and whither Porson's footsteps often turned, in order that he might meet at the Cider Celler the favorite boon companion, of whom he remarked that "Dick can beat us all — he can drink all night and spout all day." He was welcomed, too, at Wandsworth in the house of Everard Falkener, afterwards English ambassador at Constantinople, whose sons he delighted to entertain in after years at Ferney, when he would tell them stories of the time when their father was a father to him in England.

Voltaire seems to have known almost every person of note in this country, and it is only surprising how scanty is the information that be gleaned concerning him in contemporary records. He was received not only at Bolingbroke's town house, but also at Dawley Court, one wing of which may yet be seen standing not very far from Twickenham. He was a familiar guest at Bubb Doddington's magnificent new seat, Eastbury, in Dorsetshire; he frequented Pope's society, and at a great dinner at his house spoke on one occasion so lightly of Christianity that Mrs. Pope — the poet's mother — a good Catholic, rose from the table and quitted the room. He lived during three months with Lord Peterborough, and appears to have been brought in contact, amongst others, with Gay, Congreve, Thomson, Young, and Swift, whom he termed the *Rabelais Anglais*. It was in this country also that Voltaire made the acquaintance of M. Fabrice, who held poor George I. in his

arms while they drove galloping to Osna-bruck that night *in extremis*, from whom he obtained many materials towards the composition of "Charles Douze;" and he mixed also with Lord Lyttleton, to whom in conversation one day he uttered the couplet "Sur les Anglais: " —

Capricious, proud, one axe avails
To chop off monarch' heads or horses' tails.

Oddly enough, the future author of "La Pucelle" — a poem written for a generation whose notions of decency were much on a par with those of the ladies who told and heard the stories of the Decameron — and Edward Young, who had as yet neither written "Night Thoughts" nor entered holy orders, became great friends; and we are told by Spence that the conversation between them turned on one occasion upon the dialogue in the tenth book of "Paradise Lost," between Sin and Death: —

Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into chaos, since the friends passed
through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:
"O Son, why sit we here each other view-
ing?"

Voltaire, who admired Milton little more than he did Shakespeare, vehemently objected to the personification of Sin and Death. Young replied by the well-known epigram of which the best version is that given by Dr. Johnson: —

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think you Milton, Death, and Sin.

While he was in England a daughter of the author of "Paradise Lost" was discovered to be residing in London, old, infirm, and pinched with poverty. "In a quarter of an hour," Voltaire tells us, "she was rich."

It was while living in Surrey Street, Strand, that Congreve was visited by Voltaire; the dramatist spoke of his works as trifles that were beneath him, and intimated that he preferred to be visited as a private gentleman. "If you were nothing but that," replied the exile, "I should never have come to see you." Warm as was Voltaire's attachment to Bolingbroke, he relates but one trifling anecdote of his intercourse with him. The conversation turned one day upon the alleged avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, and some one appealed to Bolingbroke to confirm the statement. "He was so great a man," was the reply, though the speaker belonged to

a different political party from the general, "he was so great a man that I have forgotten his faults." Another of Voltaire's friends was old Duchess Sarah, who told him much that she remembered of her great husband's dealings with the Swedish monarch Charles XII., and assured him that she was convinced that Queen Anne, towards the close of her reign, had a secret interview with James II., in which she promised to name him as her successor if he would renounce the Roman Catholic religion. Among his intimates at this time also must be remembered the unfortunate Byng, whom, twenty years later, when the cry for vengeance against him was echoed from every corner of the kingdom, Voltaire strove so earnestly to save.

Of all the events that occurred in England during his residence there, the one that appears to have made the deepest impression on Voltaire's mind was the stately funeral of Sir Isaac Newton; but he nevertheless spread throughout Europe the scandal that neither infinitesimal calculus nor gravitation would have availed to obtain for him the appointment of master of the mint had not the witty Catherine Barton, Sir Isaac's charming niece, made a conquest of the Earl of Halifax, her uncle's old and trusted friend.

During the whole of the year 1727, Voltaire seems to have been engaged in preparing for publication an issue of "La Henriade" by subscription. The king, George II., was no lover of "boetry," but Queen Caroline was, and to her, after Bolingbroke had declined the honor, the poem was dedicated. Her Majesty courteously acknowledged the compliment, and the king, according to custom, sent the author a present of two thousand crowns (*écus*).

Three years was a long exile for an offence such as Voltaire had committed, yet it was towards the end of March, 1729, ere he became once more a recognized inhabitant of the city whence he had been compelled to fly. The import of this visit to England, so far as Voltaire's influence in France and among continental nations is concerned, it is almost impossible to over-estimate. The discreditable incidents of the beating had blown over; guineas had been acquired to an amount by no means trifling for a man so chary of expense and so skilful in the art of investing money; and above all, he had studied our literature, history, and institutions, as no Frenchman had ever done before. But

the main influence which England exerted upon him was through its general atmosphere of free thought. What though his "English Letters" was denounced and every copy that could be found was seized, it was in vain that the volumes were burned by the public executioner (in June, 1734), when in lighting the pyre he did but unconsciously help to start the general conflagration of the French Revolution.

From Murray's Magazine.

MAXIMS FOR NOVEL-WRITERS.

OWING to the increasing amount of attention now being paid by men, women, and children of all classes of intellect and profession to the interesting amusement of writing novels, it is thought that it may not be out of place to offer to the writing public the following little compendium of the principles adopted by our most successful modern authors. The compiler trusts that it may at least contribute to save the beginner from the necessity of a distressingly lengthened survey of their works, the dislike of which ordeal, it is to be feared, not unfrequently drives him to the desperate measure of observing human nature at first hand.

ARSENIC. The poison administered to others by women intending to commit murder. (See also "Chloral.")

ARTIST. A limp creature in long hair and knickerbockers.

ATHEIST. If introduced, always the most virtuous man in the book.

AUNT. Always "maiden," and eccentric in behavior.

BARONET. A bold, bad man; something like a French marquis, but younger.

BARRISTER. As bad as a baronet, but not so bold.

BEAUTY. Many prefer to make their heroes and heroines "not exactly handsome according to the severe canons of art, but yet possessing a charm of expression which instantly fascinated all who beheld it." The advantage of this description is that nine out of ten of your readers will think it fits themselves, and will be pleased accordingly.

BISHOP. "Worthy;" has been an athlete; has "calves," or sometimes "a pair of calves."

CAPTAIN (ARMY). A dashing, well-dressed man in want either of cash or morals, and generally both.

CAPTAIN (NAVAL), not much used. "Jolly."

CASTLE. Always "feudal."

CHARACTERS. It is usual to have a bad young man and woman, a good young man and woman, two or three unintelligent old persons neither good nor bad, and a few dummies of either sex, who perhaps ought not to be included under the head *Characters*.

CHLORAL. The poison administered to themselves by women intending to commit suicide. (See also "Arsenic.")

CONFESSION. When you have got the story into such a hopeless mess that your murder cannot by any other possibility be discovered, then naturally your murderer will confess.

CONFIDENCE. A secret told to a friend and confided by him to others.

COTTAGES. Are "nestled," not "situated," and be careful not to forget the honeysuckle.

COUNTRY HOUSE. If large, always Elizabethan.

CRIME. An illegal act committed in order that it may be discovered in three volumes. Crimes are of two sorts: 1. the high life; 2. the low life. There are three in the first class, viz., forgery, breach of the seventh commandment, and murder. The two latter also appear in the second class, together with burglary, assault, theft, and kindred offences.

CRITICS. You know the celebrated definition invented by Théophile Gautier and copied by Disraeli. By the same token, you may be one yourself some day. Therefore, restrain your abuse of them. We never know what we may come to.

CURATE. Is expected to use bad language once in the book.

DAGGER. Only used in exoteric novels and such as deal with low life. Owing to the recent glut of "butcher" literature they have gone somewhat out of fashion. The Venetian glass dagger, of which the handle is snapped off, is the best, since it leaves no wound apparent. But poison is, after all, the nicest.

DEATH. Is caused by arsenic, broken heart, chloral, consumption, decline, drowning, duel, fire, hunting, pining away, shooting, suicide, and wounding.

DELIRIUM. (See "Secret.")

DETECTIVE (in English novels). A professional intended to be outdone in his own line of business by an amateur in the same.

DIARY. A vehicle for conveying incriminating information which otherwise could not possibly have been discovered.

DOCUMENTS.—When intended to be destroyed are torn up, never burnt, or how could they subsequently be pieced together?

DUCHESS. Is "dear," portly, and respectable.

DUKE. Not much used.

EARS. "Shell-like" for heroine.

EYES. Violet for heroine; brown for honesty; grey for cruelty.

ELOPEMENT. Almost obsolete, owing to the telegraphic system.

FIRE. Only breaks out when girls are desired to appear in *deshabille*. See therefore that the fire never occurs during the daytime.

FOOT. "Dainty" for heroine.

FOREIGNER. A shady character, of whose antecedents nothing is known, but who nevertheless gains admittance to the most select circles. If "wealthy," he wears a fur coat and smokes big cigars and "delicately perfumed cigarettes."

FRENCH. Is the language authors believe themselves to be using when they introduce and italicize words which they know are not English.

GHOSTS. None except those conforming to the rules, regulations, and bye-laws of the S.P.R. admitted.

GOVERNESS. Either spiteful, and mars the heroine; or delightful, and marries the hero.

GUARDS. Heroes are usually recruited from these, or from some section of the Household Brigade.

HAIR. May be any color. If false, it denotes bad morals. In the case of a woman, it is either "gathered carelessly into a knot," "drawn back from the forehead," or "braided at the back." It is always done "simply," and nothing but "a single rose" is ever worn in it.

HERO (or HEROINE). A portrait of yourself as you think you might have been.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE. (See "Guards.")

HUNTING. An opportunity for flirtation and a means of death.

INDIAN NOVEL. Make your characters decidedly black, and your story rather hot. Learn from troopers, and describe those details of fighting which officers and gentlemen are wont to conceal. Be cynical, be slangy, and the public will swarm to your productions like the flies that July evening in Poonah round the — But that is another story.

INGENUÉ. A useful novelistic fiction.

JESUIT. A clever scoundrel who succeeds in the first volume, is baffled in the second, and shown up in the third.

LAW. Always at fault, and never even

moderately equitable unless some woman can outwit the villain's solicitors.

LOVE. Four out of the five letters composing "novel" spell "love," and hence four-fifths is the proportion indicated by the inventors of the English language of love to the whole matter of the book.

LOVERS. The rule is, "Two to each girl, if good; one apiece to the rest; one rejected lover at least to remain single all his life."

MARQUIS. An old and wicked French gentleman.

MARRIAGE. In first volume, dismal; in second, doubtful; in third, happy.

MONTE CARLO. Describe the scene; introduce the expressions, "*Pair*," "*Impair*," "*Croupier*," "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus*," and make one person at least break the bank, and have his (or her) winnings stolen the same night.

MORALS. Most modern novels are without morals.

MURDER. A crime committed by an apparently respectable person, the suspicion of which is attached to one who is shown to be innocent only towards the end of the third volume.

NAMES. Take a "Peerage," and choose real names from those of well-known families. It adds piquancy, and if you make anybody wince, why should you care? Your withers are unwrung.

NOSE. Usually described only in the case of women.

NOVELS. If alluded to, speak disparagingly of them. Théophile Gautier says novels have two uses — one, material; and the other, spiritual. The material use is to enrich the author, to adorn the library, increase the profits of paper merchants, provide wages for printers, and so forth. The spiritual use is this — that by inducing sleep, they prevent the reader perusing useful, virtuous, and enlightened journals, and other indigestible literature of the same kind. (See also "Indian Novel," "Philosophical," "Railway," "Social," and "Sporting" ditto.)

NURSE. Avoid young women who nurse male friends with a view to matrimony. This use of illness has been done to death.

OATHS. Many lady novelists still make great use of these.

PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL. Describe the mental history of some misty-minded individual, who is led by information derived from a sixpenny Handbook to philosophy to abandon the faith of his youth in favor of chaotic agnosticism, and then in later life is influenced — how and why

you can best explain — to adopt the form of belief professed by yourself.

(N.B. You will not refer specifically to the sixpenny handbook in question, but you must read it. In the actual text it will be sufficient to allude generally to Kant, Hegel, Reid, Berkeley, Hume, Fichte, Hobbes, Schopenhauer, Descartes, Plato, Apollodorus the Epicurean, Wolff, J. J. Wagner, Spinoza, Zeno the Eleatic, Pherecydes of Syros, and, of course, men like Metrodorus of Lampascus, R. Lambruschini, François de la Mothe le Vayer, with others of like importance.)

PLAGIARISM. It is generally conceded that this is impossible, therefore copy freely.

Sneerwell. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No I fancy not. Where, pray?

Dangle. Yes, I think there is something like it in "Othello."

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is. But that's of no consequence; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all. (*The Critic*, Act III., Sc. 3.)

Formerly plagiarism was considered to be as possible as squaring the circle was impossible. Now the reverse is the case. An author gains admittance to a (not very) particular literary circle, and, by conforming to certain well-understood rules, finds it possible to square it; after which he can cause it to be demonstrated by any member of the circle that plagiarism is a chimera, and originality a necessary virtue.

PLOT. It is still usual to have one; some prefer two. If the latter, then remember *Puff's dictum*, "The grand point in managing them is only to let your under-plot have as little connection with your main plot as possible." (*The Critic*, Act II., Sc. 3.)

POISON. (See "Arsenic," "Chloral.")

PRINCE. Always Russian. When a girl is in love with one, she addresses him as "*Mon Prince*."

PUBLISHER. A necessary middleman standing between you and the reading public.

RAILWAY NOVEL. Books of this class are read by travellers on long journeys when they have exhausted their newspapers, and have perused not only the advertisements, notices, and cautions put up

in their compartments by a considerate railway company, but also the directions printed in small type on the backs of their tickets. Having regard to the probable condition of the reader's mind under such circumstances, it would seem immaterial how the railway novel is composed. It should, however, be light to hold in the hand, and the leaves should be perforated near the back so that they can be easily torn out and made into spills, etc.

RELIGION. Nothing need be said on this subject.

SALE. If you follow the advice given in these Maxims you are pretty sure to be sold; the only question is, Will you be bought?

SECRETS. Are always divulged except when first mentioned towards the close of the book. The methods of divulging are six: 1. by leaving about papers on which the secret is written; 2. by talking loudly in the presence of those from whom it is desired the secret should be kept; 3. by somnambulism or talking in sleep; 4. by delirium; 5. by visions in dreams; and 6. by blotting-paper.

SOCIAL NOVEL. A blue book with a yellow back.

SOCIETY. Use only the highest or the lowest, though you probably know nothing of either, and show only the "seamy side."

SOMNAMBULISM. (See "Secret.")

SPORTING NOVEL. Take two or three descriptions of runs from a sporting weekly; see that your heroine is always nearest the brush; make your hero speak of her as a "filly," and propose to her in hunting phraseology on a frosty morning in the kennels; spin the above material into three equal volumes, and you will find that such men as Surtees and Whyte Melville are not even in the same field with you.

SUICIDE. A convenient method of weeding out bad characters whom the rest are too virtuous to murder. (See also "Chloral.")

SUSPICION. Odium attached to the innocent.

TEETH. "Pearls" for women, "regular" for men. They may be spoken of collectively as "a pleasing set," and are then usually said to be "displayed;" e.g., when the hero smiles.

TITLE. Miss Braddon once published a serial story under the title of "Her Splendid Misery." Before long a fellow-author wrote to say he had already so named one of his novels. She accordingly changed it to "Her Gilded Cage." Some one im-

mediately went to her publishers to say that this title also had been forestalled. She next proposed to call it "Barbara's History," but discovered that "Barbara's History" had already been written. Finally, the novel was christened, "The Story of Barbara; Her Splendid Misery and Her Gilded Cage." This shows the need of aiming at originality in titles. None of the rest of the book need be intentionally original. (See "Plagiarism.")

UNCLE (*Avunculus legans*). A person who makes money presents and leaves unexpected legacies. He must be carefully distinguished from the Fleet Street variety, *Avunculus tripilaris*.

VILLAIN.

When the villains fail or mend
The story always ought to end.

VOLUMES. The first should titillate; the second, mystify; and the third, explain.

WIDOW. A very wicked or a very pious female.

WIFE. If introduced as such at the commencement, a little dallying with the serpent is expected.

WILL. Is made to be altered, left about, or lost — if irretrievably, then see that a subsequent and more equitable will is discovered.

WORLD. Consists of Great Britain, Paris, the Riviera, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Homburg. Some novelists believe that there are other places, and occasionally allude to them; but it is unsafe to venture beyond the localities indicated.

YEOMANRY. Give balls.

YOUNGER SONS. Call these "detrimentals," but make them better than their elder brothers. Of course you must never give them any money to begin with, but this need not prevent you putting them in the Blues or Life Guards. **EGOMET.**

From St. James's Gazette.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

THE present memorable winter will have left no more striking a record than the list of deaths directly due to cold. The following are among the more noticeable cases: On December 15, an old man was found by the police at Totnes suffering from exposure. He was removed to the workhouse, but died on the way. On January 8 a laboring man was frozen to death near Limerick. The same day a woman was found by a policeman, at six o'clock in the morning, lying insensible in one of

the recesses on London Bridge. She was taken to Guy's Hospital, but life was extinct. This is an interesting case, because an inquest was held at which the following facts came out. The woman was fifty-three years of age, of sober habits, and worked as charwoman in the City. She left home at half past five the same morning to go to work. When discovered she had 18s. 6d. in silver upon her. The house-surgeon who made an examination found the body well nourished and healthy, and in his opinion death was due to shock caused by the cold. On the ninth a tramp was found near Whitstable frozen to death in a barn, in which he had passed the night. On the following day, in the early morning, a poorly clad man was noticed by a policeman leaning against a wall in Tanner Street, Bermondsey. He was shivering violently, and complained of feeling very cold, having passed the night in the streets. The constable offered to take him to the workhouse or the hospital; but he presently fell down insensible and died. Inquest was also held in London about the same time on two women between seventy and eighty years of age; and in both cases death was attributed to cold. Another woman was found at this time frozen to death on a waste piece of ground at Fenton, near Stoke-on-Trent. On January 15 an inquest was held at Nottingham upon a remarkable case. A young lady travelled from London to Nottingham on the night of December 27. The weather was very cold, and she was four hours on the journey. It is supposed that she fell down on the floor, as her father, who came to meet her, looked in the carriages but failed to see her. The carriage was then shunted into a siding. The young lady regained consciousness, but was unable to get out. After two hours' imprisonment she succeeded in attracting some one's notice and was released. On reaching home she complained of cold and numbness and was put to bed, but never recovered.

On the Continent, where the cold has been greater, deaths have been more numerous; but the cases cited above illustrate fairly well the class of persons to whom such severe cold as we have is directly fatal. They are essentially the weak; and weakness may be due to one or more of four things—age, illness, starvation, and exhaustion. The effect of cold is to "lower the vitality"—to use a vague but serviceable expression—and in those whose vitality is already low the process is necessarily attended by danger. To be

frozen to death sounds a most dreadful and painful thing; but, happily, there are good grounds for thinking that it is not so. The capacity to feel pain (to experience vivid sensations) is a sign of vitality. In fact, it is not death which is painful, but the struggle between life and death, and that is here reduced to a minimum. There is no obstinate encounter between a full-pulsed, vigorous vitality and a still more powerful enemy; as when, for instance, a strong man dies with a clot of blood in the lungs, fighting for life and full of it to the last. Nor is there prolonged torture, wearing out the strength by degrees, as in lingering and painful illness. Under the influence of cold the vital powers are stolen gradually away, and among the earliest is the power of feeling; insensibility comes long before death. We all know what being cold is like; it is very unpleasant, but not nearly so painful as a great many other things, such as toothache or a kick on the shins; and in all probability those who perish from it suffer no more than this, perhaps not so much. This is certainly the case with frost-bite, which is death from cold on a small scale; insensibility in the part affected sets in early. Chilblains, again—a milder form of the same thing—are more painful for that very reason, the mortal process is incomplete.

This view is borne out by what we know of the physiology of cold. Its first effect is to irritate the nerves, which are extremely sensitive to changes of temperature. We have Sir W. Thomson's authority for it that the hand is quite as accurate in determining temperature as the ordinary thermometer, and may be relied on to detect differences between two liquids with absolute certainty with one-fifth of a degree Centigrade. This irritation of the nerves is accompanied by pain—the pain of "feeling cold;" but the after and more serious effects are free from it. The next thing which happens is slowing of the circulation. The arteries contract, tension is increased, and the heart beats more slowly. Then respiration becomes slower. These effects are seen in the natives of cold countries and in hibernating animals. The Greenlanders' pulse only beats from twenty to forty times in a minute, instead of from seventy to eighty, and in winter the marmot's breathing sinks from thirty to seven or eight, its pulse from ninety to eight or nine per minute. If exposure now ceases, a reaction takes place—and in any case this is so with the strong; but if it be

continued the effects deepen. The bloodstream gets slower and slower in the extremities, and finally stops; then frost-bite may occur. The muscles are affected, combustion proceeds more slowly in them, they quiver, and then become stiff; the nerves also cease to perform their functions; numbness ensues—that is, insensibility and paralysis. The subject becomes light-headed, and there is often a desire to sleep. Then death is not far off; it occurs through stoppage of the heart, either (as in the weak) from sheer inability to drive the blood through the contracted vessels or from paralysis. The strong suffer more than the weak, because they do not succumb so soon; and in prolonged exposure, as in the Arctic regions, they are often tormented by thirst. Put in its most elementary form, what cold does is to destroy the activity of the cell; which becomes motionless, congealed, and then dies. The process occurs in all the tissues, blood, nerves, muscles, brain, etc., alike.

It is easy to see from the foregoing how cold kills the weak; but among the "frozen to death" is another and quite different class—the intemperate. Cases of this kind, no doubt, occur in every very severe winter, but they are seldom easily traced to their cause. Some good instances, however, are on record. In the very cold winter of 1811 a country gentleman named Lambe was found frozen to death. He had been "spending the evening convivially," to use the euphemism of the period and the cold overcame him on his way home. Of the numerous victims which every winter claims in Russia, many meet their fate through alcohol; but an astounding, almost incredible, proof is on record as having occurred in St. Petersburg under the minister Potemkin. A large distiller gave a public *fête* at which brandy flowed like water. The night was exceedingly cold, and from fifteen to eighteen thousand persons were frozen to death on the spot or in the streets. The phenomenon has a double explanation. Alcohol increases susceptibility to cold, and cold increases the intoxicating effects of alcohol. The "cool night air" has not the sobering effect invariably attributed to it by the lady novelist (it is to her credit that she doesn't know better), but just the opposite. A man may still be able to leave the table and go forth; but if the air be cold he soon becomes more intoxicated, his limbs refuse to carry him, he falls down, goes to sleep, and is found in the morning "frozen to death."

From The Army and Navy Gazette.

MODERN FIGHTING AND FIREARMS.

A WRITER in the *Militär Wochenblatt* has been discussing the future of infantry tactics. The flatness of trajectory and power of penetration of the new small bores is fatal, he holds, to the present fire formations. Although we have already given up column for linear movements under fire, still the last development of the rifle's penetrating powers shows, he argues, that this is not sufficient. Putting extreme ranges on one side, every shot will penetrate two or more men if they are standing behind one another. This proves, says the writer, that no other formation than a single rank with intervals can be used for the firing-line and its immediate supports. This formation has the advantage of only exposing to the enemy a target one man deep, and being that formation which most readily adapts itself to any existing cover. Against it, however, is the almost insuperable disadvantage that it calls into creation lines so long as to be from the outset utterly unmanageable. A company at war-strength standing in line requires a front of one hundred paces to its two hundred men in two ranks, and is then hard to handle; but put these men in single rank at one and a half pace interval, and a front of three hundred paces is provided. Even allowing it to be possible for a single company to manoeuvre with a front of this breadth, it would necessitate the battalion following in a kind of open column, each company being in extended order. In the matter of fire-discipline, it is supposed that each company independently would form an extended column, each *Zug* forming an extended line, following the other two *Züge* coming up in similar formation at regulated intervals. "Supposing," says the writer, "that the company is two hundred strong, this would give a *Zug* of sixty-six men—at one and a half pace interval a front of about one hundred paces. This would be no broader than the present company-line front, and therefore no cry could be raised against the 'extended column' on account of its excessive breadth." The next question is, How great should be the interval between successive *Züge*? The writer proceeds: "Taking one hundred metres interval, the centre line of the trajectory cone of the 1888 rifle shows that from two thousand and fifty to five hundred and fifty metres no shot passes over the head of a man. This theoretically proves that the extended column would suffer less than the two-

deep shoulder-to-shoulder line. Further advantages of the extended column are that it increases the difficulty of estimating distance and aiming in comparison to the line and that hits in this formation would be largely from unaimed fire. The extended column, however, forms a large quadrangle, and thence offers a more favorable target than the extended line to artillery." Experiments prove that, practically as well as theoretically, the extended column suffers less than any other formation. These experiments may have some value, as under certain conditions — *i.e.*, a small engagement confined to infantry — supports and reserves might advantageously use such a formation. The pretext that leading, issue of commands, and discipline would be rendered more difficult is not substantiated. We are sadly put to it to find forms for the future tactics, chief of which is the advance under fire without demoralizing losses. The troops to which the author belonged had, in a fight before Paris, he tells us, to attack a village. The attack was made in three successive lines in extended order. Not a man remained behind, and the losses were "absurdly small." The only loss worth mentioning was caused by a shell bursting in a company after it had reached the village. "If you can convince the soldier," the writer argues, "that he runs the least risk of being hit when in extended order, he will go boldly forward, just as boldly as if he was rubbing forearm to forearm. Finally, if it is possible to drive on a firing-line in extended order, why is it, then, necessary to march the supports and reserves following this extended line in close-order formations? The contrary is the case." With a view of putting these ideas into practice, a series of experiments were lately carried out of which the writer gives particulars. Targets were placed representing a company column in extended order and also a company in line. To economize targets, only a third of the breadth was taken in each case. A *Zug* of forty rifles was

formed from the non-commissioned officers of the battalion completed by a few of the best first-class shots. Each company also formed a *Zug* from men who had not been through, and who were with the exception of a few first and second class shots, the worst of the third-class shots. The ranges fired at were seven hundred, six hundred, five hundred and fifty, and five hundred metres. More distant ranges had been selected, but on account of depressions of the ground, cultivation, etc., were found impracticable. From lack of time, the *Züge*, with the exception of that of the non-commissioned officers, fired two at a time, one half of each *Zug* firing at the "extended column," while the other half tackled the company line. Each man fired twenty-four rounds in all, six at each distance. In perusing the results, it must be remembered that as hits on the company line would penetrate both front and rear rank men, they (the hits) must be doubled, and that, as the company fired double *Züge*, their results were divided by 2 for per-centage. To arrive at a truer average, each man shot two ranges at the column, two at the line. Slow, individual fire was used. The light was good, weather warm, a light wind up the range. The intervals between the successive rows of targets in the extended column were only fifty metres each. That they were not one hundred appears to have been owing to the slight extent of ground available. The non-commissioned officers, it was found, shot very little better than the third-class shots — in one case worse than the third and fourth *Züge* — "which shows," says the author, "how true it is that there is but a slight difference between good and bad shots at long ranges." The number of direct hits on the line targets more than double those on the column. The conclusion arrived at was, we are told, that "should ground and circumstances allow, in a small and purely infantry fight, the extended column formation would be advantageous for all supports and reserves."

THE CASTE QUESTION IN INDIA. — The Jain community, including some of the richest native bankers and merchants of Calcutta, are greatly excited over a question of loss of caste by one of their number who recently visited England. On his return to Calcutta he attended the Jain temple, where he was hooted and an attempt was made to prevent his entry. He applied to the magistrate to

bind several persons over to keep the peace. The magistrate refused, saying that the complainant should not go to the temple if the people objected to his presence. Thereupon the applicant appealed to the High Court, which declined to interfere with the magistrate's discretion. Some defamation cases arising from the same matter are now pending.

